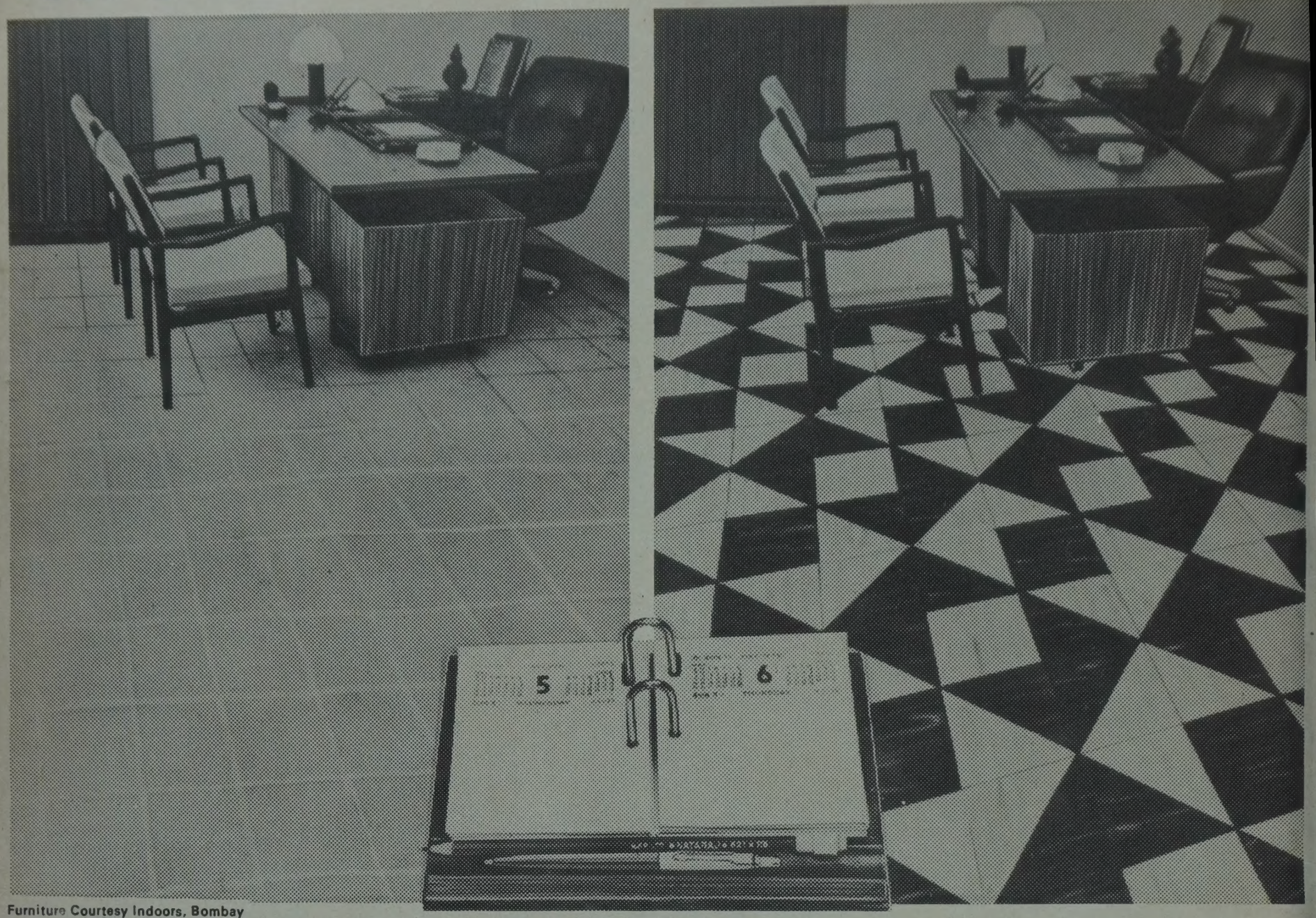
NOVEMBER 18 — 24, 1978

Eve's Weekly

RS. 1.50

MARRIED TO CRICKET
The Wives Speak

INDIAN GIRLS ABROAD :
Caught Between Two Cultures



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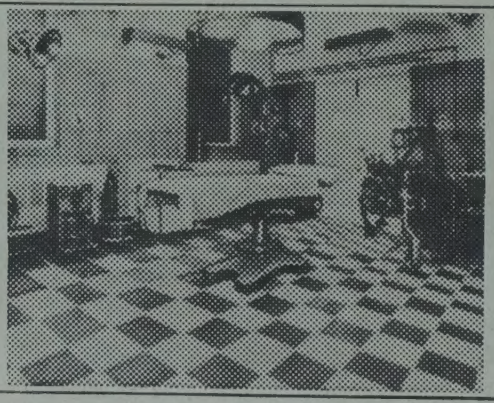

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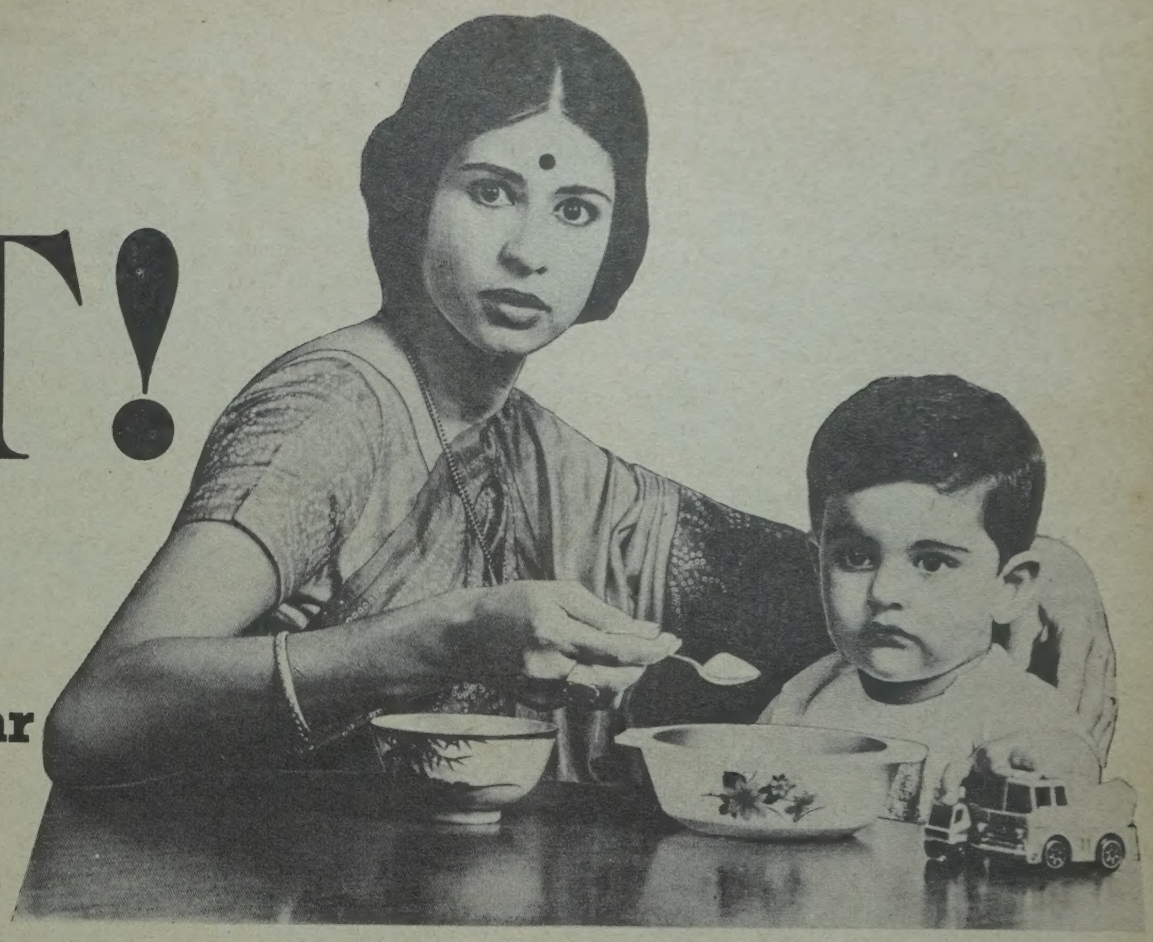
WAIT!



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A winner of a number of beauty contests and a popular model for fabric designers like Khatau and Modipon, tall, smart and attractive Cherilynn is a fun-loving, sociable girl. Intelligent and hard-working, she has maintained a brilliant academic record throughout her school and college life at St. Joseph's Convent and Sophia College.

Cherilynn's special interest lies in music. She passed her Higher Local with Honours through Trinity College of Music, London, and was elected president of the music club for two years in college.

Besides working presently as a model and secretary for Orkay Silk Mills, Cherilynn indulges in interior decoration, painting and flower making. She has also done crash courses in baking and cookery.

Photographer :
Farokh Reporter

VOL. XXXII NO. 46 BOMBAY

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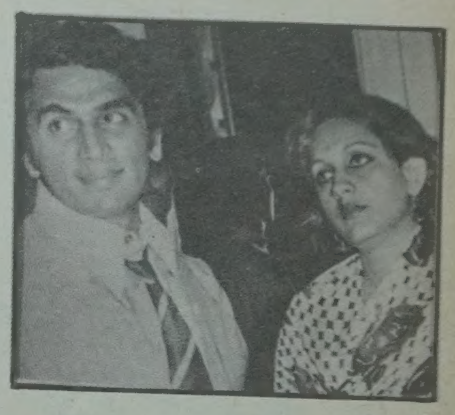
this week

KEEPING WICKETS ON HOME GROUND

The cricket season is on, with the scene about to shift from Pakistan to India. In the meantime, what are the wives of the cricket heroes doing, what do they have to say about their husbands and the "other woman" in their lives — cricket?
Page 9.



INDIAN WOMEN ABROAD

Creating a home away from home in England . . .

The immigration problem has been making news in recent times. However, the conflicts faced by the immigrant women, in particular, have not been highlighted to any great extent.
In a two-part report from London, older women and younger, second-generation-British girls are interviewed.
Page 14.

Early maturity behind the purdah in Kuwait . . .

In most countries it is the lifestyle of the nationals, who generally constitute the majority of the population, that predominates. In Kuwait, for various reasons, the Kuwaiti lifestyle is not only not the predominant one, it is not one that a foreigner is easily invited to accept. The special problems of Indian women living there.
Page 47.

Cherishing memories of home in Hong Kong . . .

With Hong Kong essentially Asian, in spite of its Westernization, the situation of Indian women on this busy island is bound to be somewhat different from life in the U.K. However, there are many similarities.
Page 19.

ALSO

Profiles: Uma Mondal, entrepreneur — **Page 23** Manmohini Sehgal, social activist — **Page 41** Anju Sawani, visiting from Canada — **Page 20** To Think About: The Lonely People — **Page 27** Film Interview: Sanjeev Kumar — **Page 43** "The Passionate Winter" : Part II of a new Mills & Boon serialisation — **Page 44.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, What's New/**10**, Children's Page/**13**, Comics/**25**, Fashion/**28**, Madam I'm Adam/**31**, Quiz 12/**31**, Cookery/**33**, Women in Sport/**38**, Frankly Speaking/**49**, People Known and Unknown/**51**, People and Events/**52**, World of Eve/**53**, Answers to Quiz 10/**53**, Horoscope/**54**.

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your page

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1st prize

THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY

"I went to the doctor with German measles and then discovered I was pregnant. The doctor wanted me to have an abortion but I refused. I was prepared for the risk that my baby may be blind, deaf or deformed. But I wanted this baby so much. . ."

No fiction this, but the true life experience of Wendy Reeder of Britain and this is what came to my mind when I read a recent letter, in these columns, that concludes, 'People are slowly realising that the joy of begetting a child is not altogether an unmixed blessing. Maybe this is a good augury for F.P.'

I am all for F.P. and I know children can bring much worry,, heartache and suffering, but I strongly believe that it cannot dim the joys of motherhood for nothing worthwhile in this life is ever gained without some sacrifice and pain; indeed, the first step towards successful parenthood is to realise this. Begetting a child never has been, is not and never will be an unmixed blessing. Problems never cease; they only change with the changing times. People will continue to become parents not because parenthood brings complete bliss, but because if it is agony, it is also ecstasy!

Leela Ramaswamy, Bangalore

Your contention is tenable only so far as the secure, happy wife is concerned, in a relationship where both partners are educated, or at least the husband is understanding enough to consider his wife's feelings and individuality. But, what about the countless women who are raped by their husbands every night, and who give birth to babies practically every year? Is this agony or ecstasy?

2nd prize

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

I read with interest about the gatecrashing of the slum dwellers into the posh five-star hotel in New Delhi. The slum dwellers, about a thousand of them, arrived in ten buses and staged a "sit-in" demonstration in the Government-owned Ashoka Hotel. They coolly spread themselves all over the main lobby, the restaurants and the coffee shops. They demanded that the funds allotted for the construction of new hotels be diverted to provide relief to the flood victims and to those living in the resettlement colonies; that all public sector hotels be converted into hospitals or educational institutions failing which the hotels be auctioned and the money utilised for the basic needs of the poor. The rich may think differently but one cannot blame these poor souls for voicing such demands. After all charity begins at home so why cater to the comforts of the rich foreign tourists when the native inhabitants are wallowing in poverty?

Most of them were in tattered clothes and barefoot. They were seen feeling the luxury of the rugs before stepping on them. The poor things must have felt it was a crime and a sin to step on such lovely, expensive rugs, however rich a person may be. Indeed, it was a combination of rags-and-riches decor, which the hotel staff had never witnessed before. No wonder the staff stood stunned, rooted to the spot. The unwelcome guests ordered beverages which were never served. Considering the plight of the guests, the staff should have had the courtesy to grant their request. Was it the expense or the fear that they would pollute the hotel crockery? That they had already polluted the premises could be seen in the strong contingent of sweepers who were in action to clean the place when the demonstrators disappeared after 90 minutes!

Mrs. Padma Surendran, Trivandrum

This was distinctly an ominous happening — a pointer to the feelings of the have-nots today. We can no longer ignore the poor man's plight, otherwise we may have a repetition of Marie Antoinette's 'cake and bread' story in our country.

3rd prize

PEDESTALS OF SAND

"Strength of character is something unique in Indian Women. They have a tremendous capacity for overlooking personal problems in the interest of others. This is something which they do, not as an obligation, but as an inner conviction that is part of their mental make-up" — says "The Indian Woman Today". What I would like to ask is, "Who recognises this part of her character? And if recognised, what does she get in the bargain? The book in which the above excerpt occurs is written by women and it makes little or no difference at all if a woman is recognised for her merits, by her own clan. An Indian male continues to be egoistic, selfish and inconsiderate, a woman's self-denial and self-sacrifice seems a "pack of nonsense" and a "big joke". I suppose such servile attitudes are okay for women who are prepared to efface their personality completely. As long as women have to live with the exploiting male, I don't think a stoic attitude will help. It is a disgrace to get brainwashed by people who constantly quote the goodness of our women. We neither want to be put on pedestals nor would we like to be doormats — we would like to be what we are, just humans.

Srijaya N. Char, Bangalore

The servile attitudes you speak of belong to women of the older generation. These are not likely to change now. But, it is the young girls of today and tomorrow who are already revolting against these pedestal-baits and whose daughters will be a brave, new breed.

SEE, I AM MARRIED!

The number of chain robberies has increased tremendously in Bombay; there is the case of the nurse who was thrown out of a running train, after she was robbed of her chain and cash. This brings into focus the problem of why women are such easy victims. Once the women go out to work, they should discard all types of jewellery. I had a talk with quite a few working women — they feel that they cannot discard the mangalsutra, as it is a sign of marriage. If they remain traditional to this extent, then they are inviting trouble on themselves. Does a man wear any chain to show he is married'. Since women have started going out to work in large numbers, they should not think of such traditions and remain superstitious. If at all they want to depict an image of the true Bharatiya nari, they can wear a chain of ordinary black beads. At least their lives will become safer.

Mrs. Asha Bhatia, Bombay

Old habits die hard — so do old brainwashings! Women feel some sort of compulsion to wear these yokes of servitude in the mistaken notion that they acquire an exalted status through them.

READER'S VOICE

COOKERY SPECIAL

I must congratulate you on your Special Cookery Issue (October 21). It has such a variety of recipes that it was as good as buying a recipe-book for the unimaginable price of Rs. 2.50 — and probably better, since cookery books usually specialise in one or two types of cooking only. (Anjani Sinha, Bombay)

* *

Your cookery special is something I would like to preserve and I am glad I got to buy a copy. Unfortunately, many of my friends who wanted to couldn't get copies. Their usual vendors had sold all they had by the time they heard about it. Couldn't you supply extra copies of special issues, especially when the subjects are bound to be popular, like cookery? (Geeta Pal, Delhi)

MOUNTAINEERING

The two articles on women mountaineers in your issue of October 7, 1978 were interesting, but the caption to the photograph on page 11, "Climbing peaks is not for the timid: a girl on her way to the top with the help of a rope," gives the impression to the lay person that the rope tied to the waist and held on top by another mountaineer — usually a senior with experience — is meant for climbing. I am writing because a few women students have enquired about this.

May I clarify that the rope is meant for safety or delaying in case of a slip; to hold a climber who goes off balance and to pull up a climber in case of extreme necessity. The climber is at all times directed to use his or her hands, fingers and feet to climb, taking advantage of outcroppings, cracks, edges, grooves etc. (Justin Pinto S. K. Prabhu, Bangalore)

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KEEPING WICKETS ON HOME GROUND

Ameeta Kelekar

A cricketer admits his first love is cricket. His wife lets it pass: cricket is a rival she is not jealous of. In loving him, she even begins to like her husband's mistress

Marshneil Gavaskar is a rare combination of good looks and intelligence. An M. A. in History from Miranda House, Delhi, she met Sunil at a match in Delhi in 1972, and married him in 1974.

No, she wasn't an ardent fan of his before marriage. Now? Well... "But I'm very interested in the game. Even before my marriage I witnessed matches whenever I could. I just love it when the season's on."

But there is a major drawback in being a test cricketer's wife. It means you have to spend nearly six months of the year without his company. "But I accompany him on most of his tours. So I really don't feel the brunt, it's our son who does. Rohan misses us very much and I've decided to stay back hereafter and spend more time with him."

Gavaskar Jr. is a two-and-a half-year-old bundle of mischief who lives and breathes cricket. He demonstrated a few copy-book strokes for me with his pint-sized bat and did a hilarious imitation of his father and Thomson, the Australian fast bowler who is his favourite.

Marshneil has now cultivated a 'detached involvement' with the game. Earlier, it was a fierce we-must-win-because-my-husband's-playing attitude. She tended to lose interest in the game as soon as Sunil was out. Now her involvement with the game is largely for the game. "In that, my husband and I are alike. Earlier, he hated getting out and used to be quite irritable afterwards. Now, of course, he's realised there's always another innings. And I'm the same."

She was genuinely amused when asked how she reacted to Sunil's innumerable fans and brushed off the question with an "Oh, I don't worry. I never was jealous. After all, he is a public figure, and cricket being such a glamourised game, fans are bound to be there."

* * *

Erapalli Prasanna and Sheima, his Bengali wife, have been married for eight years. They have a daughter, Shagorika, aged four. They first met at a match in Calcutta, and Prasanna was totally smitten. He proposed to her the very next day.

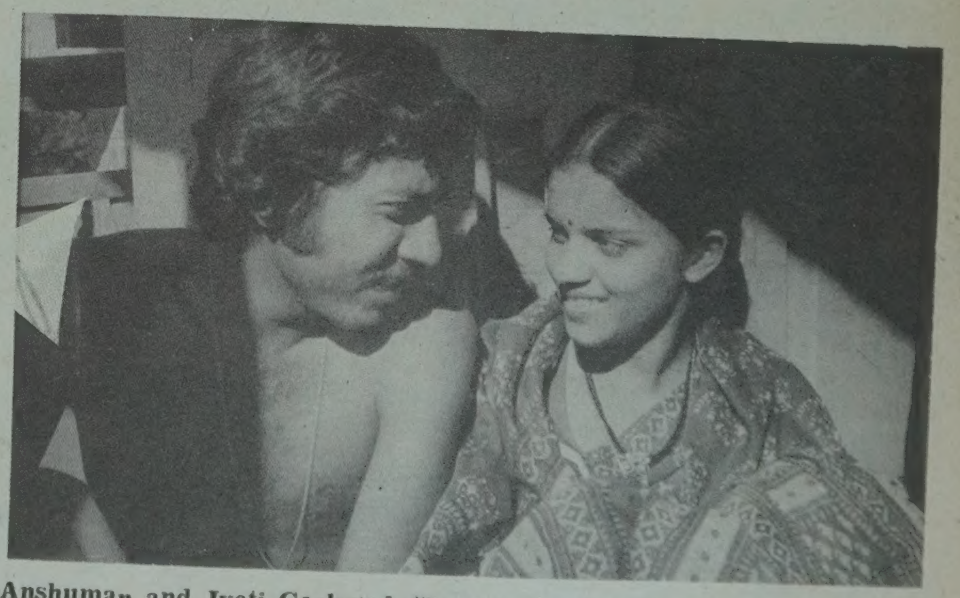
Sheima is an outgoing personality who makes friends very easily and yet has a way of making you feel that you're her only friend. She rarely accompanies Prasanna on his tours. She couldn't, even if she wanted to, as she is employed in a travel agency.

"How do you react to his cricket?"

"I was never concerned with the 'cricketing' aspect of his career. Nor does he discuss it with me when he comes home. Of course, I do ask him general

Sheima and Prasanna. "We rarely discuss cricket."

Sunil and Marshneil Gavaskar. They are together on most of Sunil's tours.



Anshuman and Jyoti Gaekwad. "I get so carried away," says Jyoti, "I yell at him when he gets out early."

KEEPING WICKETS ON HOME GROUND

questions like 'how did you bowl?' but that's about all."

Prasanna is "extremely mild and easy-going. In the beginning I didn't find it too easy, coming from a Bengali home, to adjust to an orthodox South Indian household, but he helped me through and was most understanding and patient."

She considers the ups and downs in cricket trivial things, and trivial disappointments don't affect her. She only feels sad when stupid things are written about the cricketers in their not-so-lucky seasons.

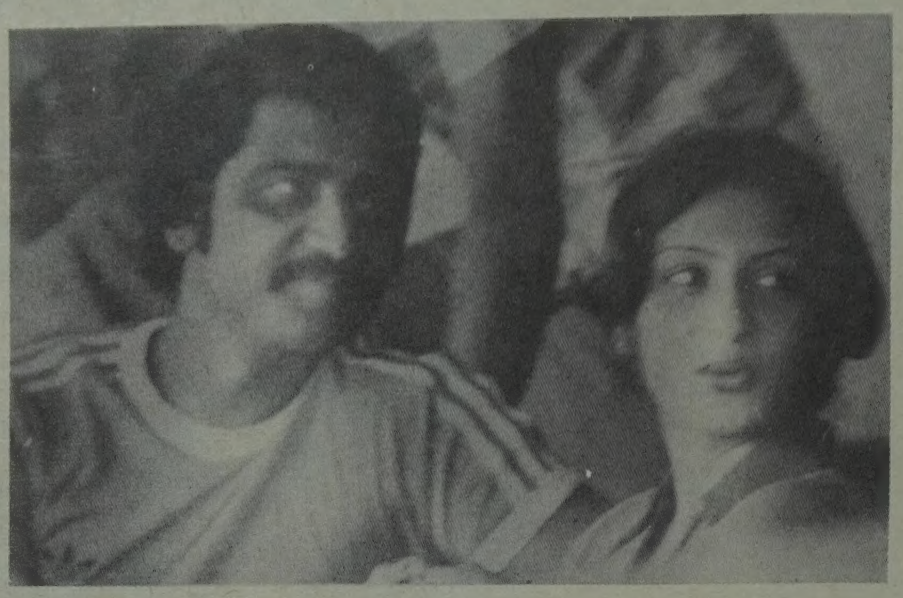
On the subject of fans, she was non-committal. "If they call up I can't be possessive and refuse to let him talk to them. It's all part of the game, this adoration. The important thing is that I trust my husband completely."

* * *

Jyoti Gaekwad is a very mature personality — soft-spoken and serene. She and her husband Anshuman were classmates in their B.Com. and M.Com. years. "Everything started with his borrowing notes off me," she says with a laugh. Jyoti, incidentally, is an M. Com. Gold Medallist.

She confesses total ignorance about the technicalities and finer points of cricket. "In fact, before marriage he had to force me to come and watch his game and I escaped as soon as his batting stint was over."

Now, of course, she makes it a point to watch all his matches, at least within the country. Nevertheless, she is more emotionally involved than technically. "Believe it or not, I get so carried away, I yell at him more often than not when he's out early. He couldn't care less when he's down, but I take his disappointments pretty badly..."



Vishwanath and Kavita. "Oh, Vishi's the perfect husband."

Though she would love to put her M.Com. degree to use, she feels that can wait. At present her place is in the home "keeping house for Anshu's parents and sister."

"Were you a fan of his cricket before marriage?"

"I didn't know his cricket before marriage."

"And now?" With a smile she answers, "I'm a fan of Anshu the person, not Anshu the cricketer."

* * *

Vishwanath and Kavita, Sunil Gavaskar's sister, were married this year.

Kavita is a bubbly teenager (a mere eighteen-year-old) still in her Final Year in the Ceramics and Pottery course at the J.J. School of Art. She knew Vishwanath ever since she was a little girl of eight, but it was only two-and-a-half years ago that they decided they'd get married.

She feels "very proud to be known as Vishwanath's wife. But it doesn't feel very different being married to a cricketer since I come from Sunil's family. I've been used to the cricket atmosphere and I've witnessed so many matches that I understand the game quite deeply, though I don't play it myself."

She was an ardent fan of Vishi's before marriage and still is.

"Vishi as a person? Oh, he's the perfect husband. The best thing about him is he leaves his cricket behind when he comes off the field. And he doesn't worry unduly or spoil the day for me if he happens to have fared badly."

Any eccentricities? "I could tell you about his eccentricities if you interviewed me a year from now. At present, I'm still getting to know and understand him..."

She has only one grievance against him though: "Vishi's never there for my birthday, being away on some tour or the other in November, but he somehow makes it a point to be there to collect his presents from me on his birthday in February!"

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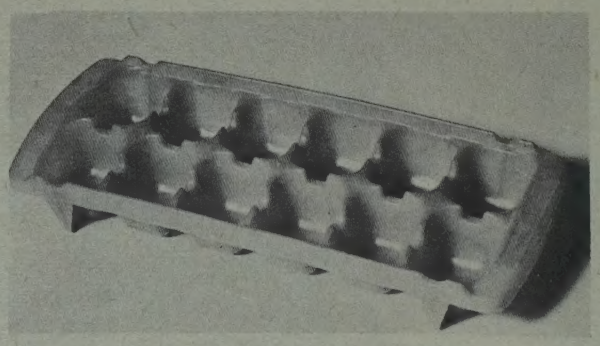

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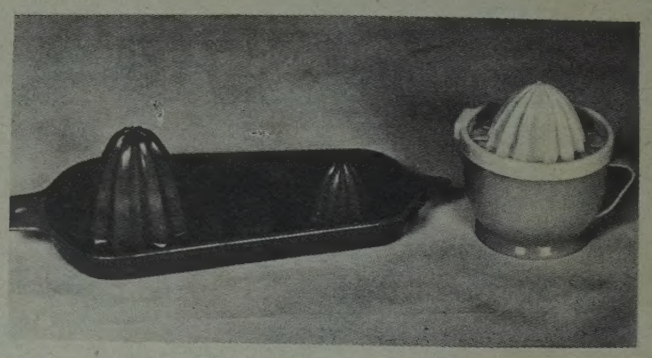
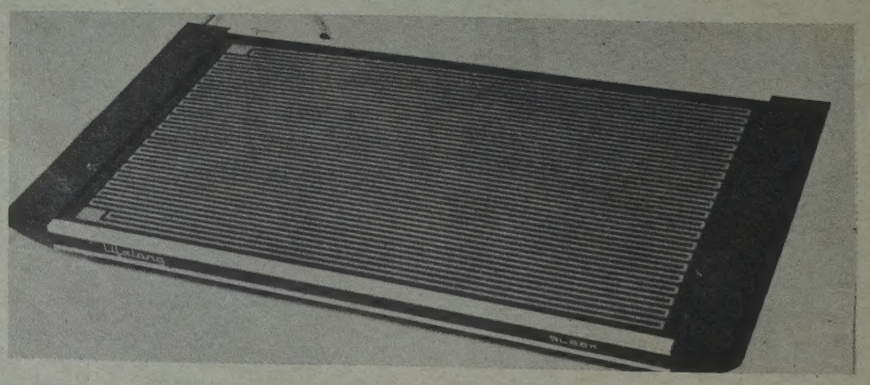


ABOVE RIGT: Lime squeezers in new designs introduced by Prince Plastics, Bombay. Available in several colours. Rs. 5 and Rs. 2, respectively. At leading stores.



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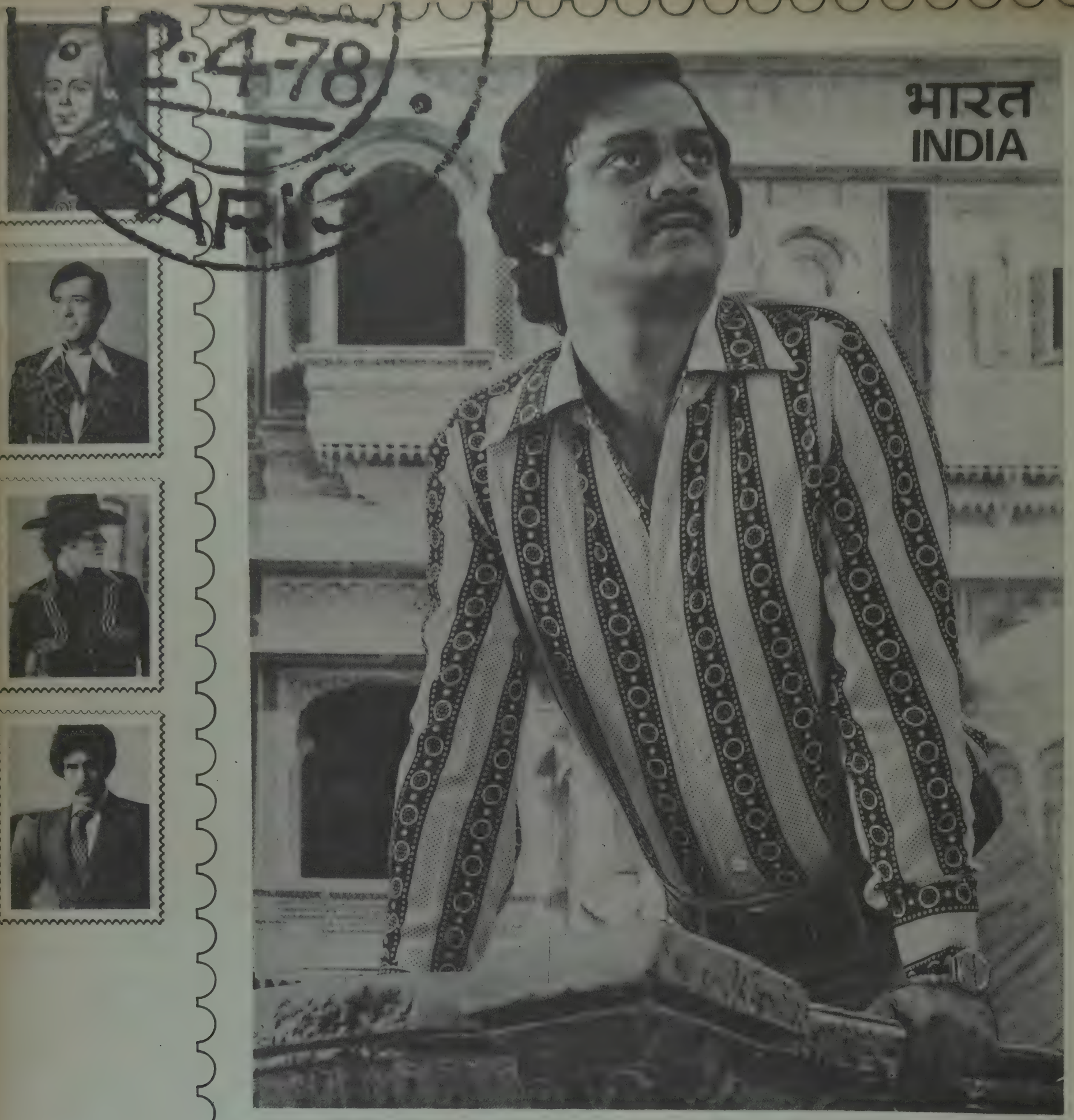

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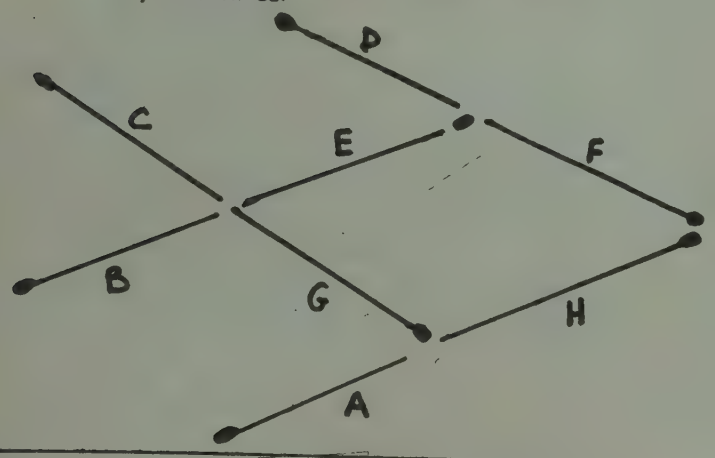
MATCH YOUR WITS AGAINST THESE STICKS!

1. This is a fish with fins and a tail. The fish is swimming east-wards. Move only three sticks and make the fish move in the opposite direction.

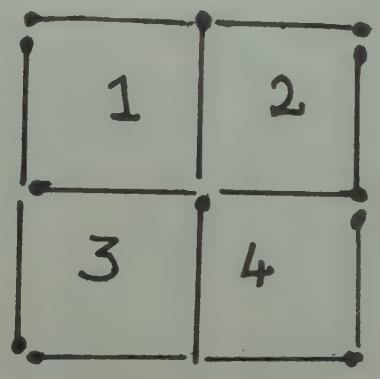
CLUE: You have to move sticks A, B and H.



MATCH YOUR WITS AGAINST THESE STICKS!

2. Here are four squares. By moving three sticks make three squares.

CLUE: Your answer will have one square at the bottom and two squares on the top.



SMART ANSWERS

Q. What would happen to a man if he swallowed his teaspoon?

A. He wouldn't be able to stir.

Q. Why did the moron eat dynamite?

A. He wanted his hair to grow out in bangs.

Q. Is it safe to write a letter on an empty stomach?

A. It is safe enough but it is better to write the letter on paper.

Q. What becomes of the chocolate cake when your hungry son eats it?

A. It vanishes into empty heir (air).

THE ADVENTURES OF omphy-momphy tuk tuk

It was a holiday. Omphy Momphy went to his friend Mun Mun's house to play. "I'm sorry, Omphy Momphy," said Mun mun's mother, "but Mun Mun has gone to get a haircut with his father. He will be back very soon." Omphy Momphy said he would wait for Mun Mun. "Can I play in your garden?" asked Omphy Momphy. Mun Mun's mother said, "Yes, of course," and left him to play.

Omphy Momphy decided to explore Mun Mun's garden. He walked to the thick green hedge. It smelt like peppermint with a lot of dust. Omphy Momphy sniffed again. He felt his nose tickle. AH-TCHOO! sneezed Omphy Momphy. "Yelp!" came a puppy's voice. Both Omphy Momphy and the puppy were startled.

"Where have you come from?" said Omphy Momphy as he bent down to look at the small muddy puppy whom he had disturbed in his sleep. The puppy yawned and wagged his tail. "Good morning," said Omphy Momphy picking up the puppy. With another Yelp! the puppy licked Omphy Momphy's nose. Omphy Momphy began to laugh. "Come on," he said, "let's play."

Omphy Momphy ran to the back of the house. There was no one there. It was a shady green place, just right for him to play. He hid behind a large tree. The puppy sniffed around. "Yelp!" cried the puppy as he found Omphy Momphy. They played hide and seek for some time. After some time the puppy was tired. He sat down and began to dig the soft earth.

Omphy Momphy also sat down in the grass. He watched the little puppy. "Yelp!" said the puppy as he dug out something red from the ground. Omphy Momphy jumped up. "That's a carrot!" he said and snatched it from the puppy. The puppy watched Omphy Momphy dust and bite into the soft juicy carrot. After some time the puppy began to dig again. He could not find anything to eat and so he began to dig in another place. At last the puppy unearthed another nice juicy carrot and began to nibble it.

Some moments later the puppy left his share of the carrot and began to dig again. This time the puppy dug up a green plant. There was a white root that looked like a white carrot with a round lump at the end. "Yelp!" said the puppy as if to say, "Look what I've got here." Omphy Momphy looked. He dusted the white carrot and bit into it. "Oh," said Omphy Momphy "this is an onion!" Quite thrilled with his discovery Omphy Momphy took another bite. Meanwhile, the puppy began to dig up a fresh plant.

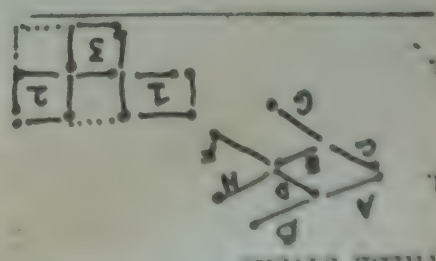
"Omphy Momphy!" The voice belonged to Mun Mun's mother. It sounded angry and surprised. Omphy Momphy looked up. The puppy looked up. There was Mun Mun's mother with a frown on her face. Omphy Momphy smiled. The puppy wagged his tail. But Mun Mun's mother continued to frown. "Why have the two of you dug up my kitchen garden?" she said.

"We were playing," explained Omphy Momphy, "and we dug up this plant and found it was a carrot. Then we found an onion. We didn't know vegetables looked like this when they grow. And they taste much better than in the kitchen." "Yelp!" agreed the puppy.

Mun Mun's mother tried hard not to smile. "Next time you want to explore, come with the cook. And, what's more, you are getting carrot and onion stew for lunch!"

"Oh no!" said Omphy Momphy who had eaten his fill of carrots and onions.

"Yelp!" cried the puppy, as he dashed back to the safety of the hedge.



ANSWERS:
MATCH YOUR WITS AGAINST THESE STICKS

INDIAN WOMEN ABROAD

FIRST GENERATION: LOOKING BACK, LOOKING AHEAD

Vasantha Iyer

The first impression of the Indian women in the U.K. is one of depression. Heathrow airport and its toilets are cleaned by Indian women; its restaurants are served by Indian women. It is depressing not because they are doing menial work but because they appear sulky, sad. However, a chat — in Gujarati or Punjabi — soon reveals that they lead normal, contented lives. Most of them can manage a broken conversation in English; they are very hardworking. But if only their expressions could be cheerful — like the bindis on their foreheads...

Despite their lack of education and ignorance of English, these women have been the stabilisers of Indian families in the U.K., battling Western culture, inculcating Indian tradition and values in their children, and creating an Indian home away from home

Indian women came to the U.K. during the middle of this century, mostly as dependants; as wives, or widowed mothers of the men settled there. There was a great demand for

Suman Bhargava who runs a marriage bureau.

labour then and the men soon sent for their families to join them.

After the Second World War, there was a steady flow of immigrant families into Britain till the restrictive immigration legislation was imposed. Separated families faced great hardships. In the case of immigration from East Africa, it was the Indian women and children who arrived in England first, and the men joined them later. This was because the men tried to continue their jobs and businesses as long as was possible , but had sent their families to a 'safer' life in England.

There are more than 175,000 Indian women in the U.K. Of these, more than 60 per cent can with great difficulty read and write in their mother tongue, have no skill or training suited for employment outside their homes, and have no knowledge of English. Hence most of then are housebound and function primarily as housewives and mothers. Due to economic necessity, however, many were driven to take up some kind of job. The majority of them found work in manufacturing, textile and service industries. There is a great deal of exploitation here and Indian women have had to work more for less pay; they have had to face the double discrimination of race and sex. State help is negligible, and working Indian women cannot afford baby-sitters. They have to cook and clean and make some arrangement (most unsatisfactory usually) for small children before going out to work. Working at home leads to greater exploitation; there are instances of being paid 20 pence for tailoring one pair of trousers. Twenty pence can get you only a pound of carrots!

The educated minority find jobs as doctors, nurses, teachers, clerks (called 'civil servants'), etc. The women doctors attached to hospitals generally fare better than the G.P.s. The obvious reason being colour prejudice. It is the same with the legal profession. Hence most of the legally and medically qualified women prefer to work in firms and hospitals rather than set up private practice. Most professional women have had to requalify themselves in degrees and training programmes acceptable to the British authorities or work in positions for which they are overqualified from the Indian point of view. A Ph.D. teaches in a secondary school; a primary school teacher with 14 years of experience works as a sales assistant in a department store. A few enterprising women — with or without formal education — have set up Marriage Bureaux, catering businesses, schools to teach Indian music, dance, cooking. Their fortunes fluctuate, but they have their husbands' incomes to fall back on. Any type of work undertaken outside the home is highly profitable — especially when the income is seen in terms of rupees. A factory worker can earn about £70 a week and that is Rs. 4,200 a month. The teacher or the doctor earn several times the amount, leading to tremendous self-confidence and a sense of power. The high incomes compensate for lost seniority or promotions. The fat salaries lessen the pain of inferiority and insecurity vis-a-vis the whites. More than 50 per cent of the Indian families own their homes, possess vacuum cleaners, fridges, liquidisers, as well as radios and T.V. sets. Most of them own cars as well. But it has to be remembered that renting a house is expensive, whereas building societies provide easy loans for buying houses; the cost of public transport is also very high and it is cheaper in the long run to own a car.

Among the immigrant women, 60 per cent of the West Indian women work, while only 45 per cent of the Indian women manage to procure jobs.

The first generation Indian women, like their menfolk, are obsessed by the 'guest' complex. They are grateful for everything England has offered them — higher incomes, prosperity, comfort, good education for their children, and higher social status in the eyes of their relatives and friends in India. They regard their stay here as 'temporary' and have always dreamed of 'going back' to spend the evening of their lives in India. East or West, Home is Best, and for the first generation Indian women home is undoubtedly India.

In any society, it is the women who uphold and nourish its culture. Since dress, food, religion, etiquette, language, and ways of living are all part of culture, the first generation Indian women have certainly made a unique contribution to enabling the banyan tree of Indian culture to take root in British soil. A few factors like the inability to communicate and hence understand British culture, lack of opportunities to participate in the majority culture all round, and the strong emotional ties with India, have all shielded the Indian women from the turmoils of 'second class' citizenship and 'Powellism'. Thus ethnicity (meaning group identity based on common racial

Mamta, a second generation immigrant in the UK, feels that her childhood memories of India are too strong to allow her to settle down there.

Archana Budhwar wants to make money in the UK to help build more hospitals in India.

or ethnic origin) has provided an escape from the complexities of a highly urbanised industrial society, to a simpler past. Indian women have continued to practise their domestic, social and religious customs and habits quite oblivious of their surroundings.

A strong manifestation of the group identity of Indian women are the women's organisations. Most areas that have a sizeable Asian population boast of a Mahila Mandal. The members are housewives paying a small subscription to meet in each other's houses (or in a hired hall on Diwali or Holi) over tea and pakoras to learn domestic skills like sewing, knitting, recipes for cakes, or even a smattering of English conversation.

Festivals are communally celebrated; music and dance competitions are keenly contested. There is great rejoicing and feasting; women and children are the most active participants in these events. Mother India is not forgotten. Money contributions on these and other cultural occasions are sent to India for flood, drought or famine victims. These associations are regional and though membership is open to all, they are Gujarati or Punjabi dominated, depending on the population of the local area. There are a few Indian women's associations which have supra-regional membership and discuss important issues thot concern the community, e.g. dowry system, women's rights, ethnic education, etc. Sangam, an Asian women's organisation, was founded in 1968 to provide an opportunity for Asian women to meet, develop interests outside the family and become active members of the society. It also attempts to coordinate the different racial groups to overcome language and educational difficulties. Mrs. Tanuja Shah, President of the Sangam, has ambitious plans. Among the Sangam's achievements are-an Asian Library and a Rehabilitation Centre to give advice and take care of Asian destitute women and tackle problems of teenage Asian girls who run away from home to avoid arranged marriages.

Just one year old and very different from other women's organisations is the U.K. Asian Women's Conference — a national 'pressure group' composed of members representing regional or branch organisations under the dynamic leadership of Mrs. Tara Kothari. The Conference aims to inform, advise, and involve Asian women on issues which affect them; to act as a national forum and as a central organisation to help Asian women in their dealings with statutory and voluntary agencies. The 1978 Conference attracted more than 300 delegates, and passed resolutions demanding, among other things, "teaching of Asian languages in schools with large numbers of Asian children, better career guidance services to Asian girls, inclusion of Asian history, geography and literature in school curricula, effective implementation of laws regarding equal pay and employment conditions for Asian women, equal opportunities for the training and promotion of Asian women." The Conference called on the trade union movement to "take note of the role played by Asian women in pressing for union recognition where this has been resisted", and condemned the "discriminatory effect of the proposals in the recent Green Paper on citizenship."

Among the first generation Indian women, there are conservatives as well as radicals and 'moderns'. The distinctions are not too clear-cut in practice. The 'radicals' are perhaps slightly different in wanting at least in theory 'free mixing' of boys and girls before marriage. The conservatives — mostly Muslim women — prefer traditional, arranged marriages; if not the physical at least the spiritual purdah should continue, i.e. women should confine their activities to the home. The 'moderns' believe in avoiding confrontation and have accepted western education and western dress and to some extent western food and entertainment. Romantic love or dating before marriage is still taboo, but engaged couples may be allowed to go out together.

Inter-caste marriages are rare; inter-race marriages still rarer. Where parents are inflexible, the race relations organisations and Asian women's organisations offer succour and guidance to couples. There are even cases of suicide because of inter-caste or inter-racial 'love affairs' — disapproved of by parents. The alienation between children and their parents begins when the children assimilate western culture at schools and the mothers stagnate in their understanding of this process of assimilation.

Whenever there is political unrest, racial tension, economic depression and unemployment, it is the women who suffer most. Women are the first to lose their jobs, be abused and attacked. Recently the women have come out into the open to protest against all this, and defend their rights. The men too are forming self-defence groups and plan nation-wide strikes to put an end to racial discrimination and attacks on ethnic minorities. Women in areas with National Front influence live in daily fear of their lives; women in other areas face invisible but inevitable discrimination that may be increasingly practised by the intelligentsia as well. The very rich have nothing to fear; with funds and investments in most capitalist capitals, they can 'housekeep' in Ottawa or New York, Delhi or Singapore. "Racial attacks occur only in certain areas," is the thinking of those living in elite areas. Meanwhile, in Birmingham and Southall, women are thinking aloud. When the English begin to hate, is it time to go back?

In spite of all the difficulties, the first generation Indian women have preserved and passed on the Indian way of life to the next generation. They have also succeeded in giving their children a better standard of living and a better start in life through better education. The first generation Indian women can be proud of having something to write home about. They have helped in the building and running of places of worship, in collecting and sending donations in cash and kind to the needy in India. They have provided happy, stable homes and raised healthy children. They have lived in peace and harmony as law-abiding citizens. They have seen their community grow in size and importance. National leaders pay tributes to the "Indian contribution" to the cultural and economic enrichment of the U.K.

Th first generation woman in the U.K. is not just a housewife; she holds the purse strings of the family, advises the husband on business matters; runs a large joint family. She appears submissive in public and is powerful in private; she is the one person on whom the whole household depends for succour and comfort.

Continued on page 17

Delegates at a conference discussing the problems of Asian women in the U.K.

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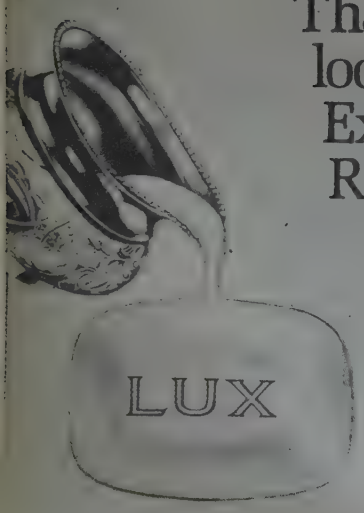

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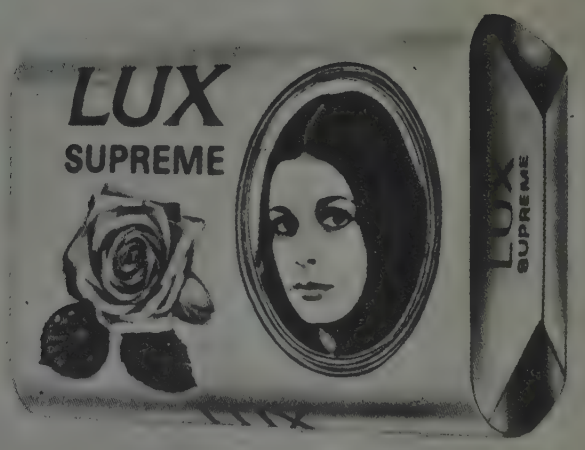

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INDIAN WOMEN ABROAD

THE SECOND GENERATION: BETWEEN TWO CULTURES

The young Indian woman in the U. K. is self-confident, efficient and very modern. She seems perfectly at home in the British environment. Yet, she is a victim of inter-generation and inter-cultural stresses and strains

At first glance, the second generation Indian woman in the U.K. (whether in her early teens or late twenties) presents a picture of poise, self-confidence, and efficiency. Dressed in tight jeans and colourful tops, short hair-do, and heavy make-up, she could very well represent any race or capital. Her English accent does not betray her Punjabi or Gujarati origin.

Though vegetarianism may be practised at home, Indian girls, having partaken of free lunches at school, develop a taste for non-Indian food and occasionally eat 'out'. Parents don't seem to mind this though they are reluctant to discuss the changing food habits of their children.

There is growing fear, however, about the young losing contact with their religion. An Indian girl finds it easier to wax eloquent over a pop star rather than discuss even the basic tenets of Islam or Hinduism. Swamped by the majority Pop Culture, Indian girls inevitably imbibe it. This in turn leads to a certain amount of alienation from Indian culture.

More than 40 per cent of the Indian children here are U.K-born; more than 80 per cent of them speak English as fluently as their mother-tongue. About 60 per cent of the girls attend schools, colleges, or polytechnics. Also, two out of three Indian girls hold part-time or full-time jobs. Though they fare better than other non-whites, the expectations and ambitions of both parents and their young compare rather unfavourably with actual achievements.

Though Indian girls make full use of educational and job opportunities in the U.K. and are materially much better off than their counterparts in India, they face peculiar problems and difficulties. Unlike their mothers, these girls are well educated, skilled in some profession, and fluent in English. All this has not lessened racial discrimination. In fact, the activities of the racist National Front and the deteriorating economic situation have made things worse for the Asian young.

According to a recent survey, Asian youths were found to be more law-abiding and respectful of family and tradition than white youths. But this is not to say there is no 'generation gap' in Asian families. An unmistakable area of dissent involves 'more freedom' and arranged marriages. White social service workers also point out that Asian women adapting to the norms of a more permissive Western society are irked by the Asian cultural and social taboos, thereby leading to frustration and friction within the family.

The second generation Indian woman is thus in the unenviable position of a nut in a nutcracker. She is the inheritor of a passive Indian culture and exposed to the aggressively dominant host culture. During the process of reacting to two different environments and two different cultures, inter-generation and inter-community tensions arise.

Inter-generation stresses and strains are most evident in orthodox or working class families. Where parents recreate rural Indian life patterns on British soil, and where daughters question and will not conform to parental views, there is confrontation, and sometimes tragedy. Murder, self-immolation, overdose of sleeping pills and drowning in the Thames have all been tried in desperate cases. Asian women's organisations have set up councils to deal with maladjusted or home-oppressed Indian girls.

Surveys show that most Indian parents as well as their daughters favour arranged marriages. But while parents want to choose bride-grooms from India, the daughters prefer partners from Britain. New immigration laws curb the entry of male fiances into Britain to marry Indian girls. Though dowry has been legally abolished in India, it is widely practised here. Thousands of pounds have to be spent even for the simplest of Indian weddings.

Increasingly, there are inter-caste as well as inter-racial (mostly between Asians and Europeans, not between Asians and Africans) marriages, though frowned upon by elders. "It's okay for now," was the reaction of more than 67 per cent of the Indian girls interviewed, but arranged marriages "just will not work in the future." Almost all Indian girls said they would give more freedom to their own daughters and let them choose their own husbands.

Freedom is a word used frequently by young Indian women. While there is unanimity on 'more freedom', there is a great deal of confusion as to the meaning of 'freedom'. The freedom of Western girls in 'going out', dating, dancing is envied by Indian girls. Yet this freedom is seen as 'corrupting' and 'making a person immoral'. And this freedom has no use for a society meticulously arranging marriages between 'fair virgins' and 'professionally qualified' boys of the same caste.

Since Leisure Centres cater to both boys and girls, most Indian girls do not make use of the facilities for swimming or games.

Mamta and Archana Budhwar don't quite represent second generation Indians settled in the U.K. Aged about 20 and 18 respectively now, they came to London in 1970 when their father began work with the BBC.

"In London we saw British children not rushing into colleges after school; so we too decided to take up jobs and travel and generally do everything except studies...," they said. Working in fashionable departmental stores like Harrods gave them a sense of economic power and freedom. There was now time and money for the things they wanted to do. Mamta wrote poetry when not indulging in judo or continental cooking; Archana took up parachuting and rifle shooting. And of course they participated with great enthusiasm in the Youth Programmes organised by the External Services of the BBC.

The holiday from studies lasted for more than a year, and the desire for academic achievement soon set in. The Budhwar sisters are entering London University this year for the B.A. degree. Mamta has opted for Economics and Archana for Computer Science.

Mamta is engaged to Deepak who has just completed Law and is preparing for the Indian Foreign Service exam. She was quick to point out that though their two families were 'good friends' it was not at all an arranged marriage. "We fell in love while still at school," Mamta said.

Archana declares vehemently that she will not be housebound. "I have to look at a recipe even to boil an egg," she says. She wants to make lots of money — no, not for herself, but to build hospitals in India.

Problems like racial discrimination and integration don't worry the Budhwar sisters because they do not plan to settle down in the U.K. Comparing teenage life in India and England, Mamta said, "Pop Culture dominates here; young people spend all their money and time at discos and on pop records. They care little for family ties or family activities. In India perhaps it is the other extreme — children, particularly teenage girls, are

Continued on page 19

Indian women contributing their culinary talents towards communal feasting.

MAFATLAL GROUP

SURAT

TERENE blended suitings from **Surat Cotton Mills**

SURATIK

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INDIAN WOMEN ABROAD

Continued from page 17

over-protected and lead very sheltered lives..." Both the sisters felt that their childhood memories were too strong for them to stay away too long from India.

"Circles encircling me.
Crossing, intersecting, overlapping
I'm bound
I'm bound within them ...
Circumstantial me ——
Dashing breathlessly round and round..."

Wrote Mamta Budhwar, in 1976. Cultural confusion?

Even among middle-class families where parents are liberal and adaptable to change, the second generation Indian is beset by a cultural dilemma. Why is this? And can this dilemma be resolved? A few mothers of teenage children and a Catholic nun reacted interestingly to these questions.

Mrs. Kurshid Charawalla, who gave up a lucrative law practice to work as a legal officer in the Indian High Commission.

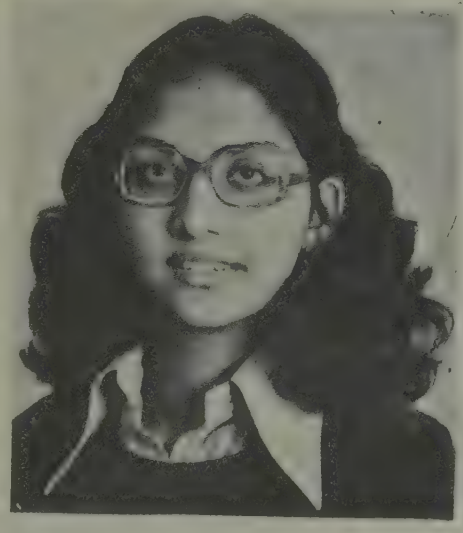
"The confusion arises only when there is no sense of belonging...Children brought up in the warmth and unity of a wholesome family environment seldom face cultural conflicts... Children should be treated as equals within the family set-up and never be talked down to..." were the views of Kamala Kannan, daughter of a former Indian ambassador and wife of an engineering consultant, long settled in England.

Mrs. Malathi Dalal, wife of a businessman and mother of three beautiful daughters studying Business Management, believed that girls should be given as much freedom as they wanted. "Lack of freedom makes them wonder whether the Western system is better. With freedom they can see both sides and come to their own conclusions."

Mrs. Kurshid Charawalla, who gave up a lucrative law practice to work in the Indian High Commission as a legal officer, pointed out that children born in Britain were bound to feel a sense of loyalty to this country. "But it is up to the parents to instill a sense of patriotism so that all other social and cultural priorities may be determined accordingly. Love of one's country should be the primary motivation..."

"Indian girls in the U.K. have everything they could wish for, yet they are disturbed and unsettled. Why? It is because they have no faith, no religious moorings...They are immune to the Christian faith amidst which they live. They have no faith or even interest in their own religions. This is a symptom of our time. Only faith in God brings peace and happiness," said Sister Cecilia. Sister Cecilia is the daughter of an Indian businessman; she felt the 'call' as a child and gave up material happiness for a life dedicated to the Church.

The cultural conflict is a temporary, if not non-existent phenomenon, is the opinion of some. "Scratch the surface, look behind the Cockney or Oxford accents, and they are as Indian as their forefathers." It is alleged that the Western appearance, manners and accents are mere protective colouring. Some others feel that young Indians are becoming more 'Indian' and this is because of the non-acceptance by the majority community and a growing realisation that everything Western is not necessarily superior.



Medical student Kavita Asirdas who wants to work in a hospital in the U.K. after graduation.

In spite of many problems, the second generation Indian woman is quite determined to get on ahead with her dreams and ambitions. For both Archana and Mamta, "Home is India" and they want to settle down in India.

Kavita Asirdas is a full-time medical student. After graduation she wants to work in a hospital here. Gita Amin is a fighter. Equipped with a degree in Social Sciences and a first-hand knowledge of Indian problems — especially those of women and children — Gita does not ask for charity but 'fights' for Indian Rights. And it looks as though the Government understands her. The Wandsworth local government has put her in charge of a project and Gita has just converted a summer camp into an Indian village for Indian children.

HONG KONG: cherishing memories of home

The elders miss India and feel upset that their children know little about the home country and its culture. So, for the children, it's India for holidays and education

Raju Samtani

South East Asia is the home of thousands of Indians. Through the decades Indians, specially businessmen, have been lured by the money-making magic of the South-East. Along with the menfolk travel wives and children. Many of these children even learn to speak the local dialect before they learn their mother-tongue.

Since Indian children abroad grow up in an entirely different atmosphere, they are exposed neither to a western nor an eastern world, but to a little of both. Most of these children cannot speak an Indian language, let alone know anything about India. Hence, it is a constant struggle for the parent to inculcate certain Indian values in their children. It is here that the Indian woman has much to contribute.

Foreigners find the Indian women charming, graceful and intelligent. They hold a place in society no matter where they choose to settle. How do these women transplanted into a foreign soil fare? And what do they themselves feel about it? To find the answer I met several Indian women and young girls settled in South-East Asia.

Mrs. Joti Balani, a warm and understanding mother of three, hails from Pune where she was educated. After marriage Mrs. Balani moved to Japan to live with her husband. She has now been living away from India for 19 years and yet does not yearn to go back in spite of her transfer to Hong Kong five years ago. "I feel my family and I have adjusted well to the lifestyles of both Japan and Hong Kong. My children feel uncomfortable in India," she said.

"One if the advantages of living abroad is that we are able to learn more about the world; it gives one the opportunity to know different languages and cultures. But of course," says this intelligent Sindhi woman, "our children should know about India first. This is why whenever we can my husband and I like to take the children to India for a holiday."

"Living in a foreign environment one becomes broadminded. This helps bridge the gap between parent and child." Mrs. Balani adds, however, that raising children abroad has its disadvantages. Since the children get to know little or nothing of their country, she has often to answer such questions as why are there so many gods? Why must we be vegetarian on certain days? Why do we observe full moon when the moon has already been contaminated by man's invasion? Why can we not eat beef? Questions like these have often caught the Balanis off guard.

"I try to encourage my children to read comic strips on Indian mythology and on our visits to India enable them to get a glimpse into the Indian cultural background. Perhaps, when my children grow up they will realise the need to learn more of their culture."

When asked about arranged marriages she said, "Times have changed. I would not practise it. Arranged marriages and the dowry system should be abolished."

Mrs. Daljit Pritam Singh, who came to Hong Kong in the late 50s, finds herself at times "lonesome and thinking of home." Her roots are still in Punjab, where she had lived for 23 years.

"One feels far away from one's own people and this sets in a feeling of isolation." Added to this is the task of raising a family abroad. "The children get to know very little of their country as they are so much wrapped up in an alien environment, particularly the Western influence."

Mrs. Singh and her husband believe that children must go to India for their education. "My daughters went to a school in Dehradun for their secondary education. This helped them very much. In fact, I think my children feel more at home with their family friends in India."

She feels that a mother's relation with her daughters should be as friends. "I am a devotee of Guru Nanak and can truly identify with his teachings. I would like my children to see the light." Mrs. Singh refuses to force them into blind belief, but whenever there are doubts she and her husband try to answer them. "Whenever we can we go to the Temple for the Sunday morning lectures."

Mrs. Singh's elder daughter while in India got interested in Indian dance and has since joined a dance school in Madras. Though her daughters were born in Hong Kong, they feel closer to India. "I suppose," explains Mrs. Singh, "it is because culturally India has more to offer. Perhaps the Chinese here have westernised a great deal and are not very culture conscious. The Indians here are still basically very Indian."

INDIAN WOMEN ABROAD: HONG KONG

Mrs. Singh is against arranged marriages. "In this modern time children have to make up their own minds, but I would not like it if they married a foreigner. Not that I am prejudiced; it is just that I don't think mixed marriages work out."

Besides being an intelligent and charming person, Mrs. Singh is a very good cook. She conducts classes in Indian cooking.

Mrs. Bilquis Ebrahim, a vivacious socialite whose passion is collecting Chinese antiques, has this to say about India: "I love it. It is where my heart belongs." She has been all over the world, but "there is no other place like India."

"Hong Kong because of it's free economy has lured my husband and myself into settling down here. Of course, in the bargain our son has been deprived of knowing the Indian way of life."

Young Ebrahim goes to an English school and has non-Indian friends. He knows very little of the Indian culture. The only connection he has with India is cricket. "We take our son to India whenever we can on holidays, but he just does not feel comfortable there."

Living in Hong Kong gives Mrs. Ebrahim the opportunity to collect genuine Chinese antiques. "My greatest wish is to visit China. In my opinion China has the richest culture.

"I don't like the dowry system at all and it must be done away with. The same goes for arranged marriages. In fact, Indian girls should be given the chance to go in for studies instead of being made to feel that marriage was the ultimate goal."

When asked if she would ever return to India to setttle down, she said "Eventually, perhaps in 10-15 years."

Hong Kong-born Manju Chulani confesses that "I am not very Indian. But I am aware of our glorious heritage and am proud to be an Indian. I have studied the history of the Kanchi and Gandhara schools of art. Unfortunately, I don't feel at home in India. There's poverty everywhere and one feels so guilty to be well-dressed. My parents do not expect me to be a typically Indian girl. But they do expect me to know about our country and reglion.

"I believe in the equality of women but not in the women's lib movement as such," says Manju.

"Arranged marriages do tend to work out, but I feel I'm too young to even talk of marriage. Most of the girls here disapprove of it, saying that it is not right for two strangers to marry," she says.

"I spent the first ten years of my life in Delhi," says Anju Makhija who has since lived in Hong Kong with her family, "and I shall always consider India my home."

Anju does not follow the Hindu religion. "It's not that I don't respect it. It's just that I found I can identify myself better with Christianity. . . Jesus Christ actually existed. He was there — He is the history of all mankind."

Her parents don't object to her strong belief in Christianity. All they expect is that she should not lose herself and forget that she is an Indian.

"I find myself quite adjusted to both India and Hong Kong. I have good friends in both places. People are generally nice all over the world. But one thing is sad about the women in India — I feel their interests are very shallow. They are not as enterprising as other women abroad," Anju comments.

"My first experience of India was when my parents enrolled me in a girl's school in Ooty. I had never been to India before. I was afraid that I would never be able to settle down there, let alone make friends," says Dipa Ramchand, born in the Philippines. "But I found the people of India very warm and helpful."

"I don't know very much about Indian culture and am ashamed of the fact, which is why I have planned to go back to India to study Indian history."

About arranged marriages, "Why do the Indian people still stick to this? To them a total stranger is more acceptable than a person one already knows. It doesn't make sense. I am against it.

"There's one thing I miss most about India and that is ice-cream at Chowpatty," she says nostalgically.

Raju Samtani

Indian Women Abroad — Kuwait on page 47

TORONTO'S MISS NEW DELHI

"Canadians know very little about India. Friends ask me if we still ride on elephants in India and if we can see bears and tigers from our windows."

Jyotsana Kapoor

Young and charming Anju Sawani, who was elected Miss New Delhi in Toronto, Canada, this summer, was on a short visit to India recently. "In Toronto every year a festival called 'Caravan' is held lasting ten days in which people from various countries settled in Canada put up pavilions telling people about the culture of their country. It is a gala affair in which thousands of people participate." For the Indian community this was only the second year of participation and the first year of the beauty contest.

Each pavilion is known by the capital of the country it represents. So the Indian pavilion was known as the New Delhi Pavilion. There were 30 candidates in the beauty contest and Anju was elected Miss New Delhi.

Anju has been in Canada for the past 11 years and has just finished her schooling there. She has never found it difficult to adjust to that country. "When my parents decided to settle there, the Canadians wanted to develop their country and anyone willing to work was welcome. Now the situation is different; there is hostility towards foreigners. There are so many foreigners settled there that Canadians are afraid they will soon become a minority in their own country. Moreover, most of the Asians when they decide to settle abroad, go only with the idea of making money. They do not seem to realise that to be accepted in another country, they must live like the local people, learn their manners and respect their culture and way of living. Most of the people belonging to one country live in one area, forming their own mini-country there," says Anju.

"I do not mean that all Indians living in another country should give up their culture and traditions, but certain adjustments have to be made," she adds.

According to Anju, most Canadians are still very ignorant about India. "The media there project a very bad image of our country. Only the bad points are highlighted. Whenever anything is shown about India, it is either its poverty or its animals. Friends in my school often ask me if we ride on elephants in India and if we can see bears and tigers from our windows. It is very sad really. They just do not believe that we are a civilised country."

Anju says that for Indians living in white dominated areas there are not many problems, but those who live in colonies meant for Indians suffer racial discrimination. They are contemptuously labelled 'browns'.

About the Indian teenagers in Canada, Anju said there are many pressures on them as "there are many opportunities for them to indulge in all kinds of things if they want to. The parents also have to adjust a little and learn to give in to their children's demands at times. But I feel just being an Indian in a foreign country stops you from certain things and sets certain moral standards. I think about 40 per cent of teenagers keep themselves under control, which is quite a high percentage considering the fact that we have been brought up in that free society."

Anju loves coming to India on short visits, but has no plans of settling here at present. "I am only interested at the moment in pursuing my studies seriously and doing medicine. I have not thought of marriage or my future as yet."

A wicked notion of a popular potion...

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Gold Coin

APPLE JUICE

Available in 650 ml and 300 ml bottles

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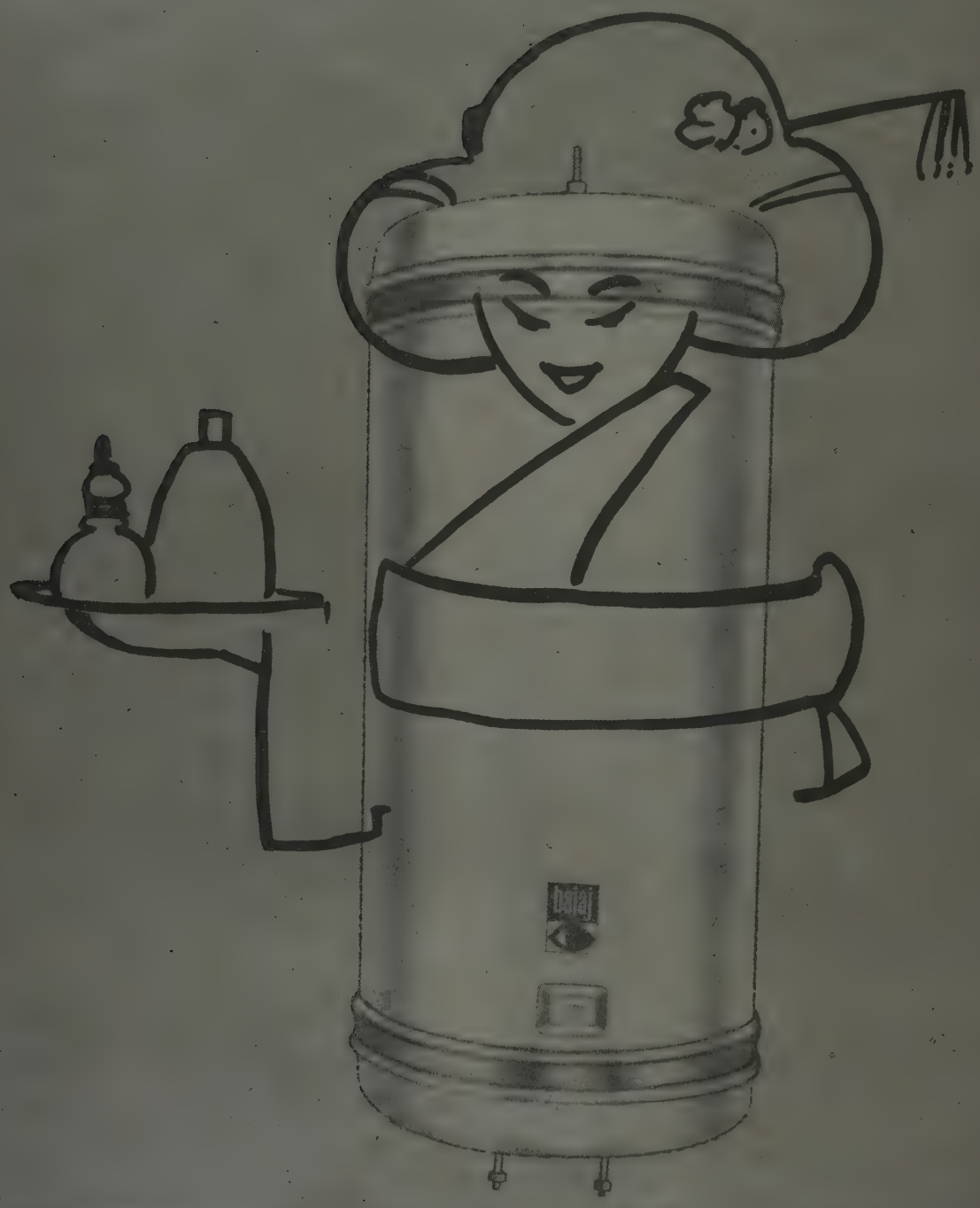
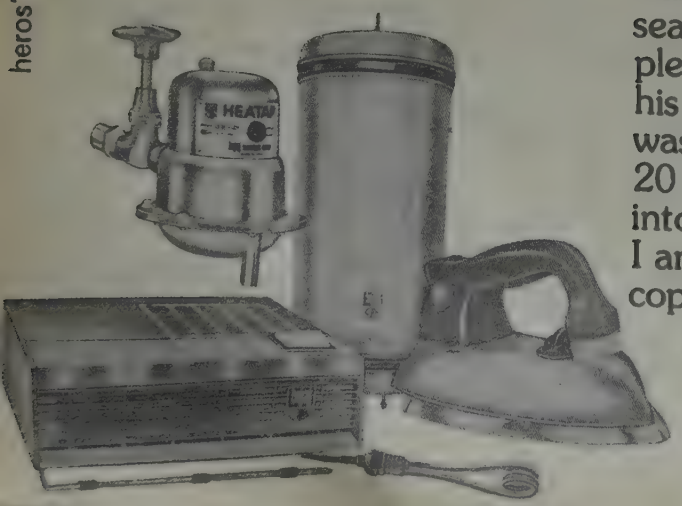
I am his hot mate for all seasons.



heros' BE- 393



The one who keeps him clean, warm, hot and happy . . . for all seasons. For I am on tap with plenty of piping hot water for all his shaving and bathing; her washing and cleaning as well. And 20 minutes is all I take to turn into a hot spring. The secret is, I am built with super heavy-gauge copper, thick tin-coating to brave corrosion. Fitted with a very special heating element to last longer, goes without saying.

And he's one husband among lakhs who trusts me hands down for a hot mate. For I am the Bajaj Storage Water Heater.

Little wonder, I've earned my keep over the years in lakhs of homes - along with my other family mates.

MEMBER

bajaj

BUY BEST, BUY bajaj

UMA MONDAL:

SPIRITED ENTREPRENEUR

She began as a tailoring instructor. Today she is a manufacturer of sophisticated hardware, and has sponsored some 100 cottage industry units for refugee women. A simple woman with very little education, she has overcome all handicaps to be a very successful entrepreneur

Tapati Mookerji

When electrical engineers call on Uma Mondal they are taken aback. They have come to discuss the purchase of highly technical goods like fertilizer tower packing material and electrical hardware with the firm's proprietor: they expect to see a hard, shrewd, well-educated businessman. Instead, when they meet a woman — and a woman like Uma — they are nonplussed. How does one discuss business and technical data with a simple, traditionally-dressed woman, complete with diamond nose-pin and sindur in the hair parting?

The initial surprise turns to admiration when she tells them coolly that she had studied only up to matriculation in a Hindi-medium school in Bihar. Uma is now used to male admiration as well as tough male competition, and she takes both in her stride.

Her story goes to show that business acumen is not solely a masculine trait. Her venture into an unusual field proves that it is no longer necessary for women to choose 'soft' vocations like the manufacture of jewellery or children's garments.

Uma started her career in Calcutta as a tailoring instructor. She was struck by the whining of women like her, not educated enough, with no business background or capital, who kept dreaming how wonderful it would be to launch into business.

"Why don't you?" Uma asked and got raised eyebrows for answer.

"Don't be daft," one friend said, "I haven't the capital."

"I would love to, but it's a man's domain," said another.

Uma listened but paid no attention. The idea was formulating in her mind, and when it was launched, it was wholly her own decision. "My family were just managing to keep their heads above water. I had no influential friends. No one who could guide me. But I did feel very strongly about being independent, and not being beholden to anyone for any 'favour' granted."

She looked around and discovered that she could rent a modest shed to start a small-scale unit in the industrial estate of the Rehabilitation Industrial Corporation at Bon-Hoogly

"Did they make any conditions?"

"Oh yes, they did make one. But it was one that I liked. They said that I would have to provide employment to refugees." Thus was launched Om Ceramics & Industries.

"What were your difficulties in the beginning?"

"Endless difficulties. Mainly male prejudice against a lone, almost uneducated, unsophisticated woman daring to venture into man's domain." Endless visits to governmental agencies and departments, making representations, persuading the people concerned to listen to her.

"How did you happen to turn to a tough sector like industrial ceramics?"

"I didn't, not straightaway. Here, look at these vases and rosebowls. I began with them." Yes, they were there on her office shelves, unusual glazes, bizarre shapes, but they fell into the 'soft' category, which Uma spurns. She soon turned to the production of ceramic items and minerals for industrial use.

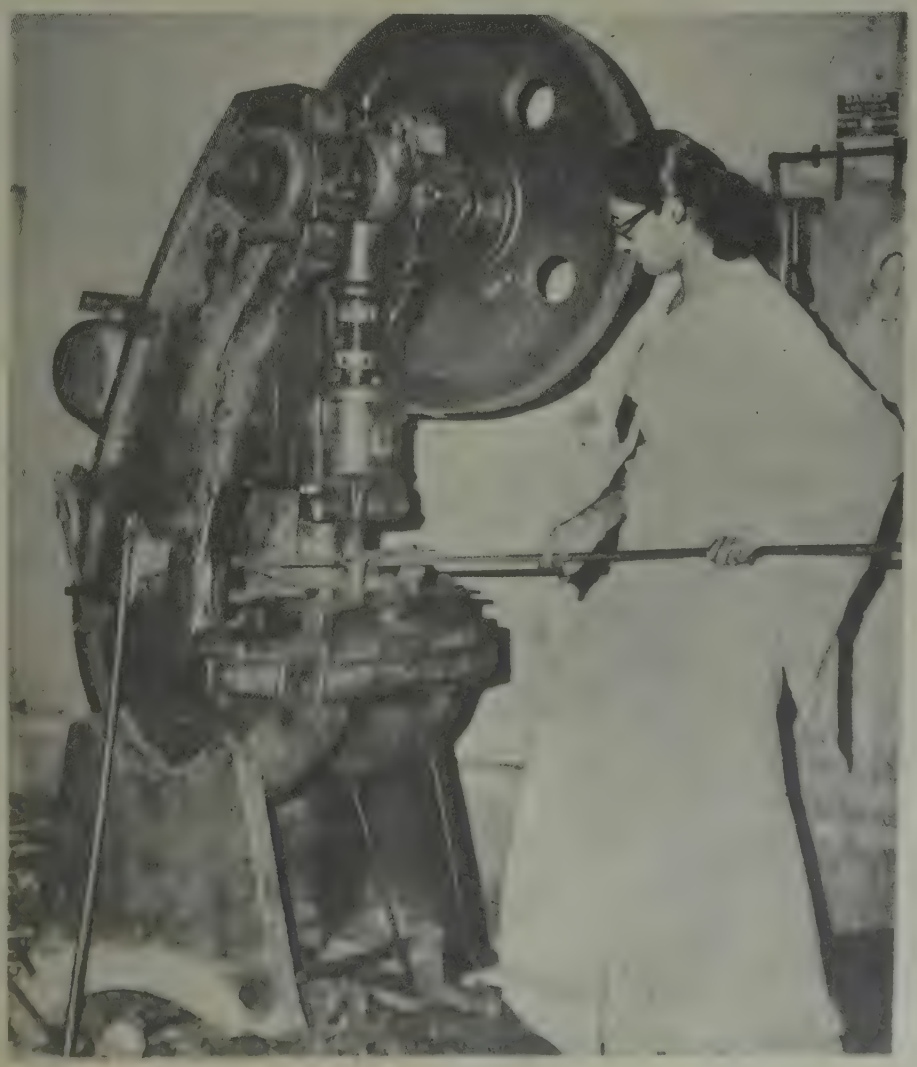
"How old were you when you started on this venture?"

"A little over twenty," she smiled. "But I knew I had to take the plunge and not fiddle my time away in half-hearted attempts."

"Didn't you have trouble getting bank loans, credit, the lot?"

Uma's eyes flashed behind the spectacles. "Didn't I? Prejudices against women entrepreneurs die hard, but you can't give up because of these difficulties, can you?"

Uma Mondal at the Power Shearing machine, cutting an iron rod for making spindles for the Kerala Electricity Board.



A colleague of hers told us how bad the bad patches were, when it looked as if the factory would have to close down. People thought that she would have to give up. The battle was lonely and sometimes bitter, but the bitterness has not rubbed off on this quiet young woman. The first big order she got was for Rs. 9 lakh worth of transmission lines.

"What does your other item, tower-packing, mean?" She explained that it was an important component for fertilizer plants, made out of stone, ceramic, mild steel, carbon steel, and other materials. She supplies this to the Madras Refinery, Madras Fertilizers, and the Durgapur and Sindri fertilizer plants.

Uma has gained a firm place in the world of business. She has been awarded the NAYE prize for outstanding entrepreneurship and has enjoyed meeting fellow women entrepreneurs from all over India through this organisation.

"I was thrilled to be a participant in the seminar for women entrepreneurs held in New Delhi in 1978. I could display my goods there along with other women." They displayed electrical appliances, agricultural implements, chemical intermediates, hand tools, foot-wear, leather and steel furniture, fans, T.V. cabinets and mineral and mining projects.

Uma, having been a lone fighter in a highly competitive world, has a wealth of compassion for women like herself. She has sponsored no fewer than 100 cottage industries' units to enable refugee women to be self-supporting.

"I see you still find time to do social work."

"Oh no! I don't glorify myself as a social worker, but I do like helping women like myself, without formal education, alone and penniless, and yet with the potential in them to work tirelessly for a dignified, independent livelihood."

DEAR READER

We invite you to contribute human interest stories, written in the third person, relating the experiences of individuals who have displayed admirable endurance in the face of physical handicaps. The stories should be between 1200-1500 words in length.

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(WHERE BETTER SAREES COST LESS.)

opp. Rivoli Cinema, New Delhi. Phone: 343384

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

IT'S HEAVENLY TO BE OUT IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS ON A DAY LIKE THIS!
THE SUNSHINE SO WARM AND NICE ....THE AIR LIKE WINE —
EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK IT'S FRESH AND GREEN AND LOVELY!
IT MAKES A PERSON REALLY FEEL GOOD JUST TO BE ALIVE!
O.K., EMILY — YOU'RE UP....
I KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD A FEELING TO LAST!
COME ON — HIT THE BALL!
NO. 1
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3-1

HA HA world of laughter

The chief constable of a small town is also the veterinary surgeon. One night the telephone rang and his wife answered.

"Is Mr. Thomas there?" asked an agitated voice.

"Do you want my husband as a veterinarian or as constable?"

"Both," came the breathless reply. "We can't get our bulldog to open his mouth and there's a burglar in it."

* * *

"Did you tell Mr. Jones that his wife had triplets?"

"Didn't dare. He's still shaving."

* * *

"She was only the optician's daughter — two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself."

* * *

Lady (to instructor): Don't you find that horseback riding gives one a headache?"

Instructor: "Oh no, lady. Quite the opposite."

* * *

"Mummy," said little Jimmy, "I want to live with Carol next door."

"But you're both only six years old," smiled the mother. "Where will you live?"

"In her bedroom."

"What will you live off? You don't have any money. And what will you do if babies come along?"

"Well," said Jimmy seriously, "if she lays any eggs, I'll step on them."

* * *

"Doctor, I've got wind —

can you give me anything for it?"

"How about a kite?"

* * *

The rabbi and the priest lived next door to each other and bought new cars almost at the same time.

Looking out of his window, the rabbi saw the priest with a small bowl of water sprinkling the contents over the car and blessing it.

Not to be outdone, the rabbi got a hacksaw and cut half an inch off the exhaust pipe of his own car.

* *

Florence and Emily, two pretty young housewives, had arranged to have lunch and cocktails together, but as soon as they met, Emily could see that something serious was bothering her friend.

"Out with it, Florence," she commanded. "What's depressing you so?"

"I'm ashamed to admit it," Florence wailed, "but I caught my husband making love."

"Why let that bother you?" laughed Emily. "I caught mine the same way."

* * *

A fellow in Paris, enchanted by such U.S. phrases as "Can I drop you off somewhere?", is puzzled because an American girl he met at a cocktail party isn't speaking to him.

At the party's end he approached her and said brightly: "Can I throw you down some place?"

* * *

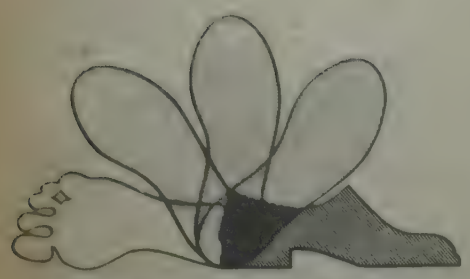
Definition of intoxication: To feel sophisticated and not be able to pronounce it.

* * *

A 15-year-old girl, on her initial visit to the prenatal clinic, was told by the examining physician that she was pregnant. "When did this happen to you?" he asked.

"Well," she replied, "it might have been one night when my parents went to the movies..." and then she added, "I'd have gone too, but the picture was for adults only."

Compiled by George Fegradoe



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durability
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Rs 22·95

Bata

Bata understands shoes, quality, fashion, price, fit, comfort and, most important, Bata understands you.

THE LONELY PEOPLE

Mary Ellen recently got herself a job in the publications department of the university. She is the only full-time employee in an office where part-time student workers bounce in and out often using it as a rendezvous point or a corner to grab a coke between classes.

Mary Ellen is 32 years old. The students are between 18 and 22 years. They live in different worlds.

They smile at each other every morning, buy each other gum from the slot machine down the hall, take turns at the typewriter.

The students are energetic, alive, ready to conquer the world, full of their own knowledge and importance. Mary Ellen thinks they accept her as "one of the gang." They smile some more and mutter under their breaths, "what a creep!"

She shares an impersonal apartment with three impersonal people. Talks to her plants every evening and bakes banana bread once a week. Goes to church every Friday and sings at the bi-weekly meeting of the university campus ministry.

People say you can tell the day by the colour of her clothes and the mood she's in. She wears green, drinks green beer and talks with an Irish brogue on St. Patrick's Day. On St. Stanislaus Day she congratulates her Polish friends and wears red. And on the first of each month she leaves notes around the office that bear the legend, "Happy First of the Month."

Mary Ellen is always ready to help — often too ready. Always looking to please. She knows everyone by name. Can spell every word. Always has change for the soda machine.

She calls herself a "stickler for detail". Labels all the office property with her initials — almost in a desperate attempt to impress her identity on something tangible.

Monday mornings she asks people to "guess what" she did during the week-end. They politely oblige, but look through her and go back to their private little conversations and their private little jokes.

Mary Ellen has been one of the Lonely People for some years now.

* * *

Robert is different.

A year ago he was on Cloud 9. Busy with a Master's degree in Business Administration, he held office at the University Sailing Club and was virtually the life of periodic beer binges.

But that was a year ago. Since Robert has joined the ranks of America's fastest growing majority — the "educated unemployed".

Having done nothing in moderation, he has since plunged into the very pits. His Cloud 9 vanished over Milwaukee's Lake Michigan. The earthy smells of beer brewing and tanning leather have taken over — dragging him very much down to earth.

One year ago he said he wouldn't take a job with IBM if it were offered to him. Two weeks ago he took on a full-time job packing boxes for a greeting card company in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Unlike most students, Robert never had to work for his tuition fees or living expenses. He lived on an inheritance — left to him by his mother, who apparently committed suicide.

His 65-year-old father married again — married a woman thirty years younger. They both sing in the church choir, Robert says.

Meanwhile, left to his own, Robert who took up a Psychology course in his freshman year, often talks of the "Oedipus complex" he had when his mother was alive. In a more maudlin mood, he wonders aloud if the tendency towards suicide "runs in the family".

He telephones me in the early hours of the morning — because he cannot sleep. Offers to take me grocery shopping. Eats the hottest of Indian food just to be accepted in my circles.

Robert is also one of the Lonely People. He knows and admits it. Robert is only 26 years old.

* * *

Ivan Schmidt lived alone with his 95-year-old sister, Rosemarie, in Milwaukee. Rosemarie was a cripple, completely bed-ridden. Her brother, at 82 years, was surprisingly agile. He cleaned house, cooked for his sister, even drove a car to the grocery store every Thursday.

One day Ivan knocked on the door of the adjoining apartment. He had a "pain in his chest, felt slightly dizzy. Could the two girls in the apartment go grocery shopping for him?"

Two weeks from that day the girls complained of a strange and unpleasant odour from across the hall. The building superintendent knocked on the Schmidt door. No answer. The police were called in. The door broken down.

A day later, the **Milwaukee Journal** carried this brief notice.

> "Two bodies were found in a highly decomposed state in an Eastside apartment on Monday. The names of the deceased are being withheld. The couple have no living relatives."

What happened? The doctor's diagnosis indicated that Ivan had died of a heart attack the same night he asked the girls to go shopping for him. His invalid sister, unable to move, unable to reach the phone in the next room, too feeble to cry out, apparently starved to death. . . And the girls? Why didn't they check on the old couple? "Where we supposed to do that? It's not done, you know," they said.

Ivan and Rosemarie. Two Lonely People. They lived in a building filled to capacity, yet so completely alone that it took neighbours two weeks to realise that the building housed one dead body and a frail woman who had slowly starved to death.

I use these stories to illustrate a theory I have that the so-called "cult of the individual", this excessive desire for privacy, has become so much of an obsession with people that they are beginning to lose contact with each other. In a collective desire to be "individuals", people are withdrawing from society — creating private worlds, lonely worlds.

In this set-up, the average Joe is just another number — identified by a string of credit cards and a driver's licence.

I use these examples of people I know and know of in America. But this is not necessarily an American situation. In India, for instance, right in the middle of a land of hospitality and joint-family living, the Lonely People continue to exist. The battered wife who cannot communicate with her husband; the feet-touching son who cannot break away from oppressive family tradition; the younger daughter who dreads the day her marriage will be arranged through an advertisement in the local newspaper. . .

When I think of this universal situation, I recollect the words of a song that went like this:

Hey, look at all the lonely people
Where do they all come from?
Hey, look at all the lonely people
Where do they all belong?

Where indeed?

Louise Fernandes

Some complexions just never grow up!
Pears — the original glycerine soap
Give your skin the gentle care of Pears. A century of soap-making experience goes into every transparent tablet. Pears is so mild—and so pure, you can actually see through it.
Pears keeps your skin young, innocent.
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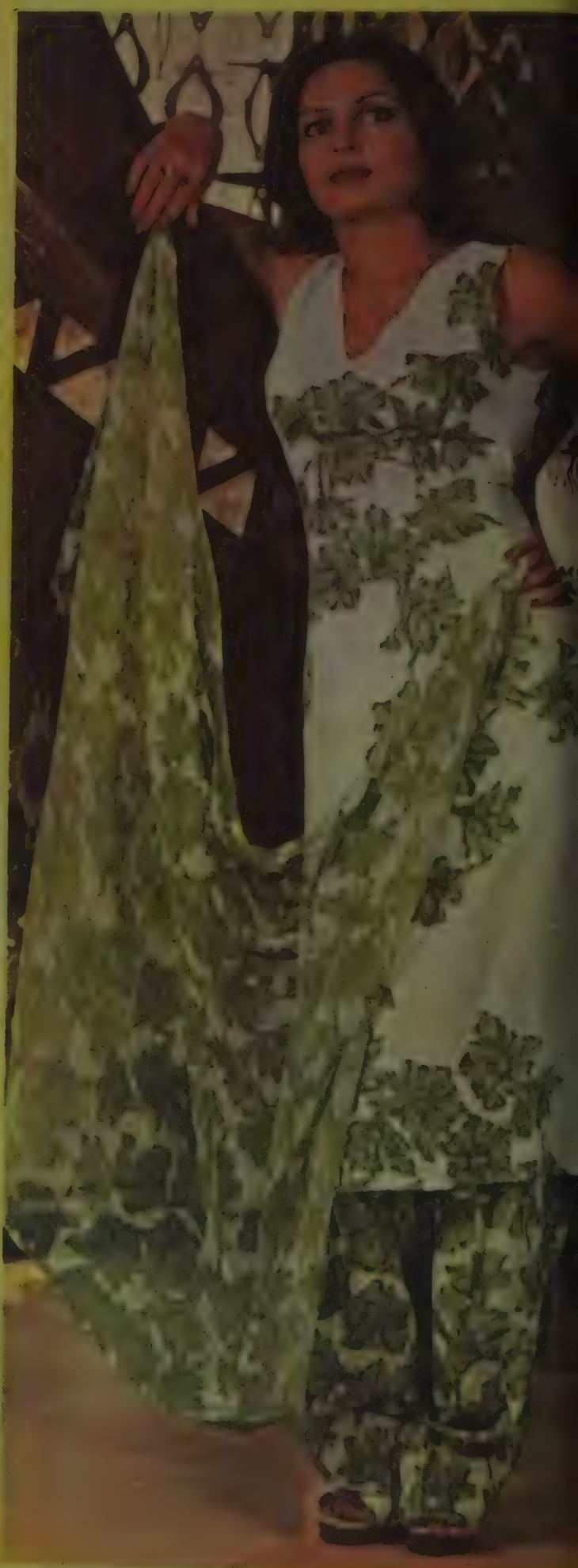
FASHION C

WIN-A

This is the last of the 12 fashion which will enable you to Win-A-W from Delhi's popular SOPHISTICATIO tique. A fantastic chance for you to marvellous range of outfits.

The favourite style among the young



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

This is the final feature of our **Win-A-Wardrobe contest.** Hurry up with your coupon collection and send them to us in one lot, latest by **December 20, 1978.** Also, a special reminder to those who have missed out on the earlier coupons. They are still eligible to participate in the draw if they collect, regardless of the serial number, a minimum of ten coupons from the earlier issues.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

THE MONTH
RDROBE!

latest in loose, knee-length salwar-kameez ensembles. The tunic top has a really flatter-ing length, hiding all those hip level lumps and bumps. Colours to match the individual moods, and the choice of print is all yours!

Location Courtesy: Oberoi Sheraton Hotel.

12 **Eve's Weekly / SOPHISTICATION**

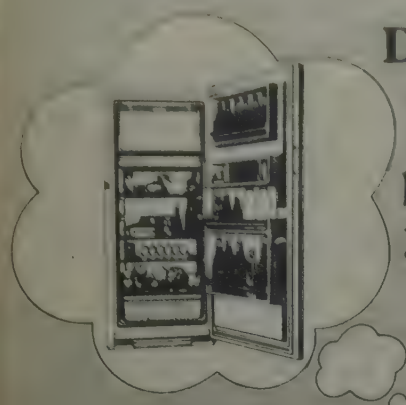
WIN-A-WARDROBE
COUPON

Name _____

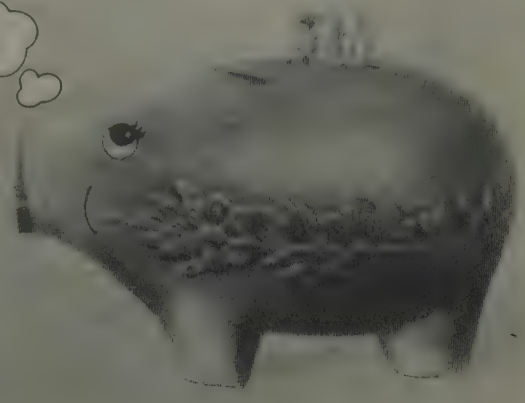
Address _____

_____

1. Prizes are in the form of readymade garments. 1st Prize: Rs. 5000; 2nd Prize Rs. 2500; 3rd Prize Rs. 1500 PLUS ten consolation prizes Rs. 100 each.
2. Grand Fashion Show will be held by Sophistication/Eve's Weekly around February 1979. The three winners will be invited. They will be given return Railway Fare plus Rs. 200 for expenses
3. **A minimum of 10 coupons must be sent in one lot**, latest by **December 20, 1978**, after the publication of the 12th feature in November, to the Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400023.



Do check the reliability of the refrigerator and the people behind it, before parting with your precious savings.



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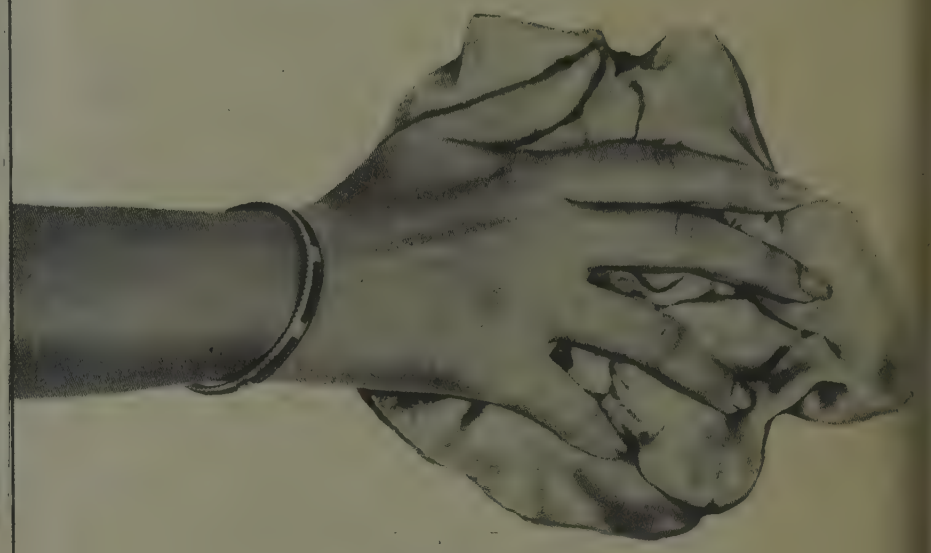
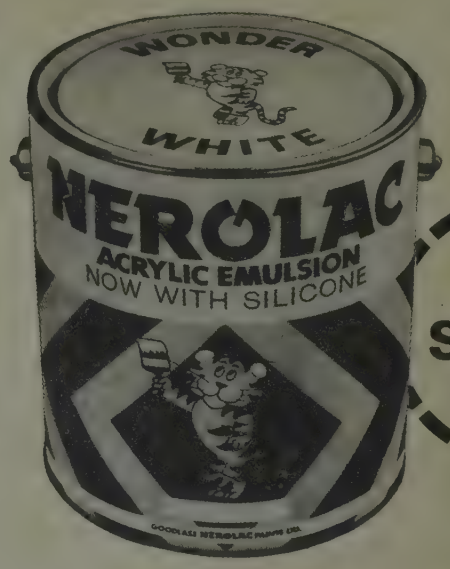
S/BS/L/18B/78

When you buy a tin of paint,

the name makes no difference.



It does, when you wash it.



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madam i'm adam

From the balcony I said to Phyllis, nearby, "Lookie, lookie, lookie — here comes Cookie — marching down the street." It's an old song title, angel, but the girl marching down the street was really Cookie, and obviously heading for our place.

She lives in Jubbulpore, so I figured, with no brain-strain, that she was on holiday. I said, "This is one visit I'm going to enjoy." "I like Cookie like a fly likes honey." Phyllis said. "So I noticed the last time she was here."

* * *

I let her in and gave her a hug that musta cracked a rib. Phyllis greeted her, saying, "Cookie darling, how nice to see you. Why on earth don't you ever write?"

Cookie came in and sat down. She had on a bronze-coloured dress that clung to her curves like the skin of an apple. She said, "It's great to see you dear people. It's been two years now. Where are the kids?"

"Out raising hell some place," I said. "They probably wouldn't have gone out if they knew you were coming."

* * *

I said, "Three questions, baby. How's Emma? How long are you gonna be here? Where are you staying?"

Cookie said, "Mum's as fit as a fiddle. I'm here for four days. I'm staying at a modest little hotel on Garden Road, where the bill doesn't take your breath away."

"Fine," I said. "How do you intend to spend your time?"

She said, "Visiting friends, doing a little swimming and invading the stores. I've come loaded."

I said, "Don't buy anything you couldn't show a bishop."

Phyllis came in with the drinks and we settled down to some serious elbow-bending.

* * *

After taking a sip, Cookie dug into her shoulder-bag and came up with a package which she handed over to Phyllis. "Something for you," she said. "Thanks, darling," said my wife, "but you shouldn't have bothered." She unwrapped the package and took out something carved in wood. My wife looked puzzled. I looked shocked. Cookie explained, "It's an example of Jubbulpore woodwork. I thought it would look good on your piano."

I said, "Yeah, thanks a bunch, baby. But you know something? To me it looks like a phallic symbol." Cookie blushed and Phyllis said, "Really, Confucius!" Then she placed the doohickey on the piano.

* * *

I know Cookie well enough not to bother watching my syllables. So I said, "Two years you've been away. Tell me, have you found yourself a regular bull?"

Phyllis said, "Really, Confucius!" Sometimes, her brain works like it's wading through treacle. Cookie smiled and said, "Yes, I have a regular boy-friend now. He's an absolute living doll named Eric."

* * *

Cookie spent an hour with us. It was the most pleasant hour I've spent in a long time. Before she went away, I presented her with a bottle of Vodka and a kiss on the cheek that musta loosened a molar.

Half an hour afterwards, the telephone went off like a bell-clapper gone mad. Phyllis took it. She spoke a few minutes and then said something to me. I couldn't believe my ears. "Doll-baby," I said, "you've gotta be joking." She said, "Cross my heart and hope to live. He's here on a fund collecting mission and has decided that his status will bring the money rolling in."

You know, honey, that evening we were going to be visited by a real live bishop. Phyllis said, "If that thing on the piano really looks like what you said, hide it away."

So I hid it away. Regretfully!

G'bye now!

Adam

Eve's Weekly — Quiz Contest - 12

HEGMAN

1. Where was India's first nuclear power station set up?

2. What notable event occurred on 21 July, 1969?

3. Dalal Street is where the Bombay Stock Exchange is. By what name is the Stock Exchange in Paris known?

4. Who was the Russian physiologist known for his work on animal behaviour, particularly conditioned reflexes?

5 What is the capital of Mongolia?

6. In memory of what other poet did Percy Bysshe Shelley write "Adonais"?

7. With the manufacture of which metal is the name of Henry Bessemer associated?

8. The first Cricket Test between India and Pakistan in 1978 was played at Faisalabad. What was the old name of this town?

9. Mahatma Gandhi was one of the two great Indian leaders born on October 2. Who was the other?

10. What was the Western name for China in earlier times?

11. Who founded Banaras Hindu University?

12. In which year was India's first five-year plan launched?

This is the twelfth of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series.

Eve's Weekly offers a cash prize of Rs. 50.00 to the winner— i.e. the person whose all-correct solution is picked up first from among those received on or before the deadline. This is to give an equal chance to contestants from outside Bombay. The deadline for Quiz Contest No. 12 is November 25, 1978.

There is no entry fee. Please mark 'Quiz Contest 12' on the outside of your envelopes.

The answers to Quiz 11 will appear in our issue of December 2. The answers to Quiz 12 will appear in our issue of December 16.

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Premila Lal

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DELICACIES.
PORK TASTES GOOD AND ONE HAS
TO ACQUIRE A TASTE FOR IT. PORK EATING
IS FORBIDDEN BY CERTAIN RELIGIONS,
STILL PORK IS VERY TASTY IN VINDALOOS,
CURRIES OR WHEN BAKED OR GRILLED.

WEET AND SOUR PORK

kg pork
" piece ginger, finely chopped
pod garlic, finely chopped
0 green chillis, finely chopped
tin pineapple, diced
cup vinegar
tbsps. Worcestershire sauce
00 grams meat
alt to taste
tbsps. cornflour
cup olive oil
tbsp. garlic chutney
tbsp. chilli powder
tbsp. sugar

Cut the pork into medium pieces. Clean and wash well. Cut the meat in bite-size pieces. Wash and boil with a little salt till four cups of stock remains. Fry the chopped ginger, garlic and chillis till golden brown, then add pork, meat and salt and let it simmer for a few minutes. Add 3 cups of stock and allow it to become tender, leaving a little gravy. Mix the cornflour with a little olive oil, add the remaining oil and stock, and finally mix it with the pork. When well blended add pineapple pieces. In a cup mix together vinegar, sauce, chutney, chilli powder and sugar and add the mixture to the cooked pork. Allow everything to cook well and serve with fried rice.

PORK VINDALOO

½ kg pork
2" piece ginger
2 large onions
A few small red onions
2 pods garlic
15 to 20 dried red chillis
1 tbsp. vinegar
Salt to taste
Ghee or pork fat
Coriander leaves

Fry dry chillis in a little ghee. When the chillis begin to swell, remove from fire and grind into a paste (remove seeds). Smash garlic, ginger and onions separately. Fry garlic in hot ghee When half fried drop in the ginger, onion and chillis. Stir well and put in the pork pieces cut

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

Food Courtesy : Oberoi Sheraton Hotel

Sumeet amazes housewives

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Sumeet is first of its kind in India! Equipped with an easy-to-clean hygienic stainless steel jar which comes with an acrylic dome ...so you can look in and actually see how easily Sumeet performs!

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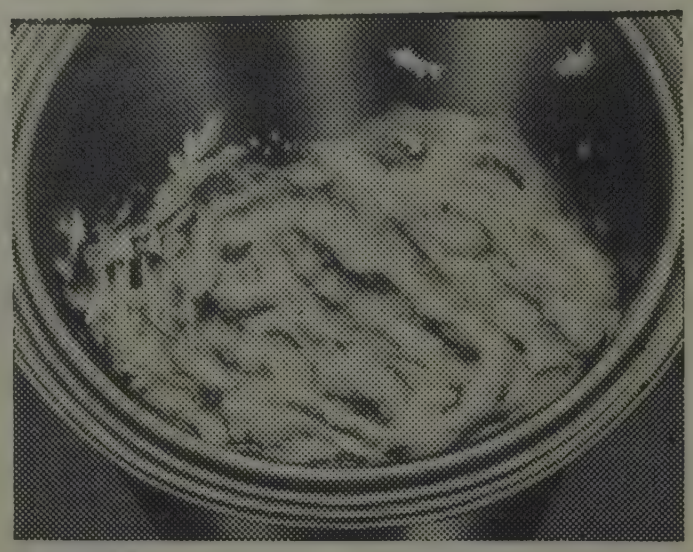
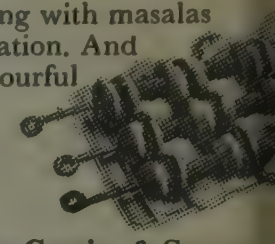
Sumeet is also available without the kneading attachment in an economical pack:Sumeet Domestic. You can buy the kneading attachment separately too.

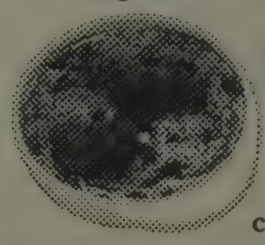


New! Meat Mincer/Vegetable Grater is unique—first of its kind!

A simple yet ingenious blade that comes with the stainless steel jar. Specially developed by the makers of Sumeet to mince meat in just 1 minute... to grate carrots, onions, coconut, nuts in seconds. And even to crush ice quick-as-a-wink. Simply fantastic! To give you an idea of its versatility, here are a few exciting examples of its usefulness in your kitchen...

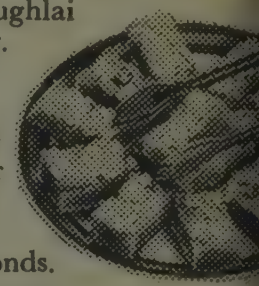
Kababs Minces meat along with masalas —all in one simple operation. And none of the precious flavourful natural juices are lost! Ideal for seekh kababs, hamburgers, keema, etc.





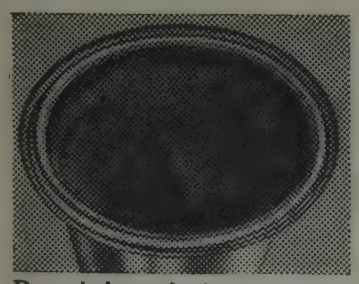
Onion Gravies & Sauces Grates onions for the thick tasty gravies and sauces you need in Mughlai cooking.

Coconut Barfi Grates coconut in seconds for your favourite recipes. Does the same for making carrot halwa and other preparations with cashewnuts, walnuts, almonds.

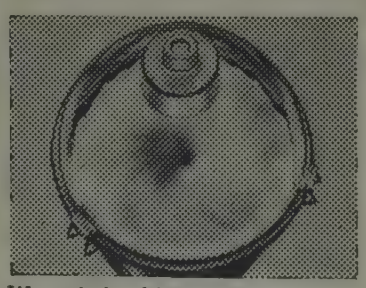


Flavoured Ices Crushes ice quic as-a-wink for tempting ices which you can serve up in a variety of flavours. And make ice-shavings for cocktails too.

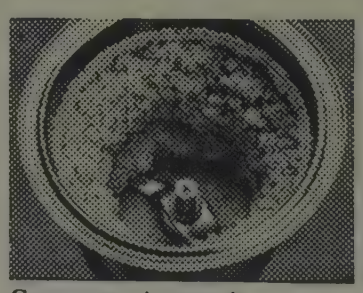
See what else you can do with Sumeet



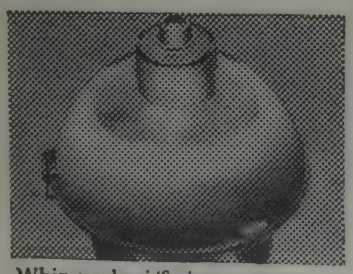
Dry grind masalas in 3½ minutes!



Wet grind dal in 3½ minutes!

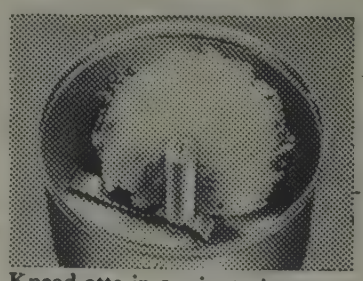


Grate carrot in seconds.



Whip up lassi/fruit juice in just 1 minute!

Grind chutney in 2 minutes.



Knead atta in 2 minutes!
Mix cake batter in 3½ minutes!

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into the required size and mix well. Add enough hot water to cook the meat. Add salt only when the meat is tender. When gravy thickens drop in the coriander leaves and vinegar. Remove when gravy is nice and thick. Serve with rice or parathas.

TINDE STUFFED WITH PORK

500 grams tinde
500 grams pork, closely chopped
1 onion
1 tomato
1 tsp. turmeric
½ tsp. ground masala
1 small piece ginger
2 green chillis

GRIND TO A PASTE:

1 large onion
1 clove garlic
¼ tsp. coriander seeds
¼ tsp. cummin seeds
1 small piece turmeric
1 green chilli

When buying the tinde see that they are round and firm. Better for stuffing. Divide the tinde into two and clean out the centres. If desired this scooped out centre may be cooked with the pork. Cook the pork in the same way as mince. In a saucepan heat some ghee and cook the ground masala till brown, adding water so that the masala does not dry too much. Stuff the tinde with the cooked pork and tie with a string so that the meat does not seep out of the vegetable. Add the vegetable to the browned masala and let it cook on a low fire for about 45 minutes.

PIG'S TROTTERS

2 or more pig's trotters and ears
Batter for dripping
Fat for frying
1 cup breadcrumbs
Creamed potatoes
30 grams butter
1 tbsp. vinegar
1 tsp. mustard
Salt and pepper to taste

Put the trotters and ears in salt and water, leave them to soak for some hours. Drain, rinse and clean them thoroughly. Put them in a saucepan, cover with cold water and a tablespoon of vinegar and bring to a boil. Reduce heat to a simmering point and cook for about 4 hours till they are quite tender.

Lift out with a perforated spoon and cut the trotters into two but do not remove the bones. Slice the ears neatly. Dip them in batter (this should be rather thick) and then in breadcrumbs and fry till golden brown in hot fat. Melt the butter, stir in the vinegar and mustard and season with salt and pepper. Pour this over the trotters and ears so that they are coated. Brown lightly in a hot oven and set on a hot dish with a border of potatoes.

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cuckoo lal
When a recipe is doubled never double the quantities of salt and spice. Use the original quantity and season to taste.

STUFFED SUCKLING PIG

1 pig
1 kg pork liver, diced
½ kg lamb sweetbread, saute in butter and drain
3 pegs brandy

FOR THE FORCE MEAT:

3 kg pork meat, minced
1 kg chicken, minced
½ kg pork fat, minced
200 grams onions, finely chopped

Clean out the pig's belly. Bone it, leaving only the leg bones and head. Season with salt and spices. Sprinkle brandy and leave it to marinate for a few hours.

Season all the minced meat with 3 pegs brandy and one small glass white wine for 3 hours. Add the pork liver and lamb sweet-bread with the force meat and stuff it in the pig's belly. Wrap the pig with cloth and boil it for ½ an hour. Remove the cloth from the pig, place the pig in a moderate oven. Glaze the pig with a bottle of beer and ¼ litre honey. Cook it slowly for 2 hours. Serve with boiled rice and stuffed tomatoes. Insert an apple in the pig's mouth and cover the head with a silver cap.

COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH

Mrs. S. Mazumdar of Dehradun wins Rs. 100 for this month's best recipe plus a SuperCook Gas Tandoor with skewers from M/s Globe Super Parts, a cash prize of Rs. 101 from Weikfield, a 280 mm 14 gauge Tava from Trupti Industries and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

PADWAL DORMA

500 grams green padwal (snake gourd)
25 grams onion
1 tbsp. cummin seeds, powdered
1 tbsp. coriander seeds, powdered
1 tsp. turmeric
1 tsp. red chillis
100 grams unsweetened khoya (mawa)
30 currants
2 small cardamoms
1 small piece of cinnamon (Dalchini)
1 tbsp. gram flour
Salt to taste
2 tbsps. mustard oil

Scrape the skin of padwal lightly, cut top and make a hollow by scooping out the seeds as well as the fleshy part. Discard the seeds.

Mix the fleshy part of the padwal with all the masalas including khoya (except cinnamon and cardamom). Heat mustard oil and fry the mixture till brown. Remove the masala. Put two-thirds of the fried masala in the padwals together with two currants in each padwal.

Prepare a thick paste of gram flour and close the opening of each padwal with this paste.

Deep fry the padwals in oil till brown. Keep aside.

Fry the remaining masala in hot oil. Add one cup of water to the masala, stir for two to three minutes. Add padwals and cover it Cook for two to three minutes.

Remove from heat. Add cardamom and cinnamon paste with one teaspoon of pure ghee

asian paints

BRINGS NATURE INDOORS

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recipes from our readers

Mrs. Veera Loomba, Bombay.

GAAJAR DIL BAHAR PULLAO

300 grams carrots
250 grams basmati rice
150 ml. milk
125 grams sugar
50 grams ghee
10 grams raisins
50 grams cashewnuts (optional)
2 pieces brown cardamom
4 cloves
3 pieces cinnamon
Half fresh coconut
100 ml. water

Clean and wash rice. Soak in water for about half an hour. Scrape and grate carrots and keep aside.

Heat ghee in cooker. Put cardamoms, cloves, cinnamon and fry for a little while. Add cashewnuts and raisins. Add rice and fry for about one minute. Add grated carrots, milk and sugar and stir slightly. Add water and then close the lid and place the cooker on maximum heat. Bring to pressure, reduce to medium heat for about three minutes and then allow the cooker to cool for three to four minutes. Garnish with grated coconut and serve hot.

Mrs. Helen Crasto, Akola.

DHOKLA

1 measure rice
1 measure gram dal
½ measure moong dal
½ measure urad dal
2" piece of ginger
1 pod garlic
6 green chillis
1 tsp. turmeric powder
1 cup curd
½ cup cooking oil
1 tsp. mustard seeds
A bunch of coriander leaves
A few bay leaves
Salt to taste

Soak the rice, gram dal, moong dal and urad dal in water for four hours. Now drain off water and pour the curd into the mixed dals and rice. Grind all this into a coarse paste till it becomes as thick as idli batter. Keep this over night. Grind ginger, garlic, turmeric powder and green chillis to a fine paste. Add this to the dhokla batter and stir well. Pour the batter in plates till it stands about one inch thick and steam in a cooker for five to six minutes. When cold, cut into cubes and keep in a vessel.

Heat oil in a kerahi, put the mustard seeds, coriander and bay leaves. Immediately take off the fire and pour this oil on the dhokla. Serve hot.

Mrs. Maithily Vasudevan, Bombay.

EASY INSTANT NUTTY CHOCOLATES

100 grams broken biscuits
1 cup whole milk powder
1 cup powdered sugar
2 tbsps. pure cocoa powder
2 tbsps. butter
½ cup pounded walnuts and cashewnuts

Powder the broken biscuits. Mix the powdered biscuits, milk powder, sugar powder, cocoa powder and butter. Blend the mixture well.

Grease a shallow baking tin. Spread half of the prepared mixture. Press it lightly with a flat spoon.

Spread a layer of the pounded nuts. Once again spread the remaining mixture.

Press it again lightly.

Allow it to set in the refrigeraor. When nearly set remove and cut into cubes or any desired shapes.

Mrs. Rashni Mistry, Hyderabad.

MILK & MASALA CUTLETS

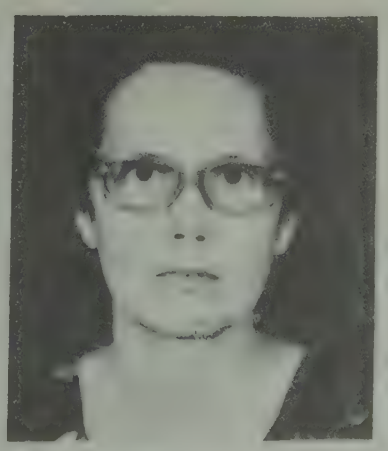
½ litre fresh milk, boiled
3 tbsps. wheat flour
4 eggs, stiffly beaten
2 onions, chopped fine
2 bunches coriander leaves, chopped fine
½ bunch mint leaves, chopped fine
4 green chillis, chopped
½ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. chilli powder
Salt to taste
Pepper to taste
Worcestershire sauce
Oil
Breadcrumbs

FOR THE BATTER :

Mix wheat flour, salt, pepper and water to a batter consistency.

Add to the previously boiled and cooled milk, all the masalas, chopped onions, season well with Worcestershire sauce salt, pepper, one teaspono oil or butter. Add the beaten eggs and bake well in an oven till golden brown and well set like a baked custard. Refrigerate or cool thoroughly for an hour. With a spatula carefully make pieces big enough to make into cutlets. Dip in batter, roll gently in bread crumbs and deep fry the cutlets or rolls till golden brown.

weekly 1 winner



Mrs. Dolly Deniese of Kolhapur wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

GUAVA TOSS

3 ripe guavas
1 onion, finely sliced
Pulp of 1 tomato
1 tsp. sugar
½ lime
A sprig of coriander leaves for garnish
2 tbsps. oil

GRIND TO A PASTE :

4 - 5 red chillis
¼ tsp. mustard
¼ tsp. cummin seed
Small piece coconut
2 pods garlic

Halve the guavas and remove the seeds. Add half cup water to the seeds and bring to a boil. Simmer for five minutes. Remove from fire and strain.

Dice the halved guavas and set aside to soak in the juice. Heat the oil, fry onion till golden brown, Add ground masala. Fry till oil oozes out. Add tomato pulp and stir once or twice. Add the diced guavas, stir briskly and allow to cook for a while. Add sugar, lime juice and salt to taste. Toss lightly for a few seconds and remove from fire. Serve hot, garnished with coriander leaves.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself, to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

AMI GHIA

TOO FRAIL FOR INTERNATIONAL BADMINTON?

Edmonton, Canada, scene of the 1978 Commonwealth Games. Two girls in their early twenties — one frail and thin, the other well-built and bespectacled — created history in the annals of Indian badminton. Ami Ghia and Kanwal Thakur Singh won for India its first international bronze medal in women's badminton. The two had also created a good impression in the singles event, both displaying fine courtcraft and tactics, with Ami especially being the most deceptive player on view in the championships.

And yet, General Sam Maneckshaw summarily turned down a request made by the Badminton Association of India to include women in the Indian contingent for the Asian Games at Bangkok. His reasoning was that our girls stood no chance of returning with a medal, and that the standard of women's badminton in India compared very poorly with Asian standards.

Ami Ghia is a tiny, frail slip of a girl, who will turn 22 on December 8. She bagged four consecutive national singles titles between 1974 and '77; in the '78 national final she was beaten by a single point in the deciding game.

Ten years ago, when Khar Gymkhana, Bombay, held its annual open tournament, spectators were surprised and amused to see two tiny girls take the court against opponents who were taller, better built and with years of experience behind them. Ami and Sujata Jain stole the hearts of the crowd with their intelligent game and excellent understanding of the finer nuances of doubles play. They even had the temerity to enter for the senior mixed doubles event!

Since then, every passing year saw the two climb the ladder; from club to district level, then into the state team, and within four more years they were in the national women's doubles final, pitted against three-times national champion Shobha Moorthy and the hard-hitting Maureen Mathias.

The next National at Gauhati in 1974 saw them embark on a giant-killing run. Ami upset all calculations of the seeding committee when she toppled Shobha Moorthy, while Sujata turned the tables on Ami in the junior girls' singles final to take the national crown for the first time.

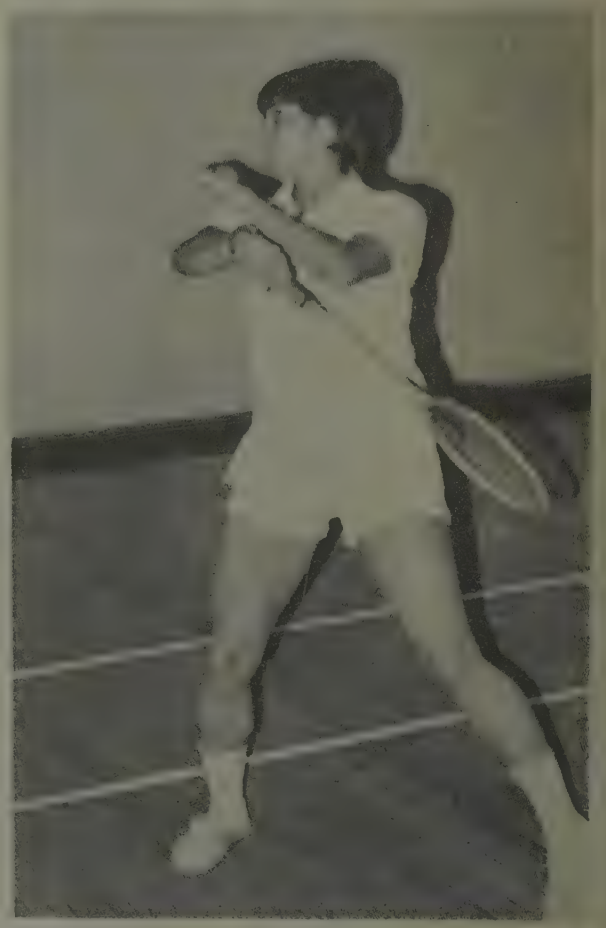
Ami hung on to that national singles title like a leech for four years. At Ludhiana the following year, she accounted for Kanwal Thakur Singh of Punjab in the final; in '76 it was her new doubles partner Maureen Mathias who fell before Ami's deceptive strokes, and in '77 at Jullundur, it was once again Kanwal who was axed in the final.

However, at Goa this year, it was Kanwal's turn to have Lady Luck smile on her. The hard-hitter from Chandigarh ran relentlessly all over court, chasing all of Ami's neat shots, until the match was poised at match-point 11-all in the third game. It was Kanwal who got that crucial 12th point, to end Ami's run of successes in the Nationals.

Ami's successful combination with Sujata broke up when the former joined the Railways and was asked to team up with another Railway employee, Maureen Mathias. The two have since formed a powerful combination that has become very hard to beat in India. Maureen, who possesses a hefty smash, does the hitting, while the wily Ami controls the trend and tempo of the game, creating openings for her partner. The pair won three Nationals in a row, before Maureen had to take time off in late 1977 to have a baby.

The Edmonton Commonwealth Games, hence, saw Kanwal pairing up with Ami.

Ami Ghia, a lot of potential but little international experience.



Maureen Mathias, Ami's doubles partner. The two form a combination that is hard to beat in India.

They first scored an upset win over the Malaysian pair of Sylvia Ng and Katherine Teh Swee Phek who had earlier helped Malaysia score a resounding six-one victory over India in the Uber Cup Women's International team competition. The Indian girls were later all at sea against the English combination of Nora Perry and Ann Statt who went on to bag the gold. But in the play-off for the third place, they made no mistake against another English pair — Jane Webster and Barbara Sutton.

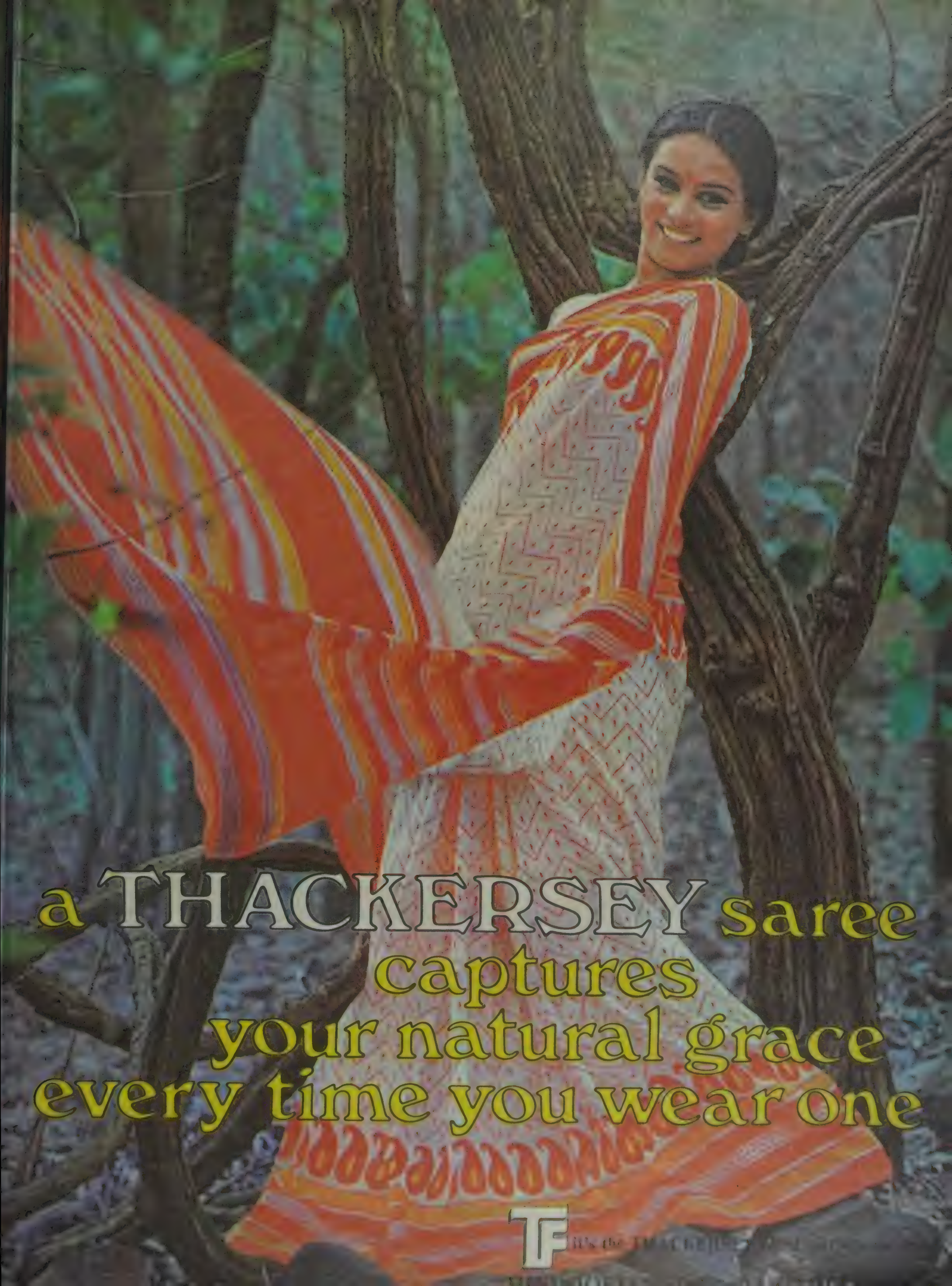
Ami, however, was unlucky with the singles draw and was pitted against Katherine in the second round itself. Ami, with her measured drops and fine courtcraft, put up a gutsy fight, but lacked the firepower to finish off the rallies. Also, as the match progressed, it became increasingly clear that the Malaysian girl would have the edge in lasting power. And so it proved, with Ami buckling under at 8-11 in the decider. It was obvious that with a little more speed of foot and stamina Ami could have carried the day, and entered the final as Katherine later did.

The last three seasons have brought a number of health problems for the delicate Ami. Though she has been training on the sands of Juhu regularly, she was beset from the opening months of 1976 by recurrent stomach trouble which doctors could not diagnose. The ailment prevented her from entering the fray in many major tournaments, and in fact cost her her national ranking, for points are awarded for a certain level of performance in each ranking tournament. Her studies (she passed out last year from Mithibai College, Vile Parle, with Psychology) had also taken up a lot of her time.

Now that she is free from studies, she can put in more appearances in tournaments. However, so far this season Ami has stayed away from the big competitions. This has, to a large extent, cast doubts on her fitness as well as her ability to last out a tough match in a key competition. It has spoilt the case of the Badminton Association of India, which appealed recently to Gen. Sam Maneckshaw for inclusion of a women's team for the Asian Games at Bangkok.

It must be said that in the absence of such international competition, it is not fair to expect our girls to produce miracles. If we give our girls the chance of participating in some major international tournaments for a couple of years without expecting immediate returns from them, I have no doubt that they would come up trumps in the early eighties. Both Ami and Kanwal have the potential; all they need is the 'push'.

Shirish Nadkarni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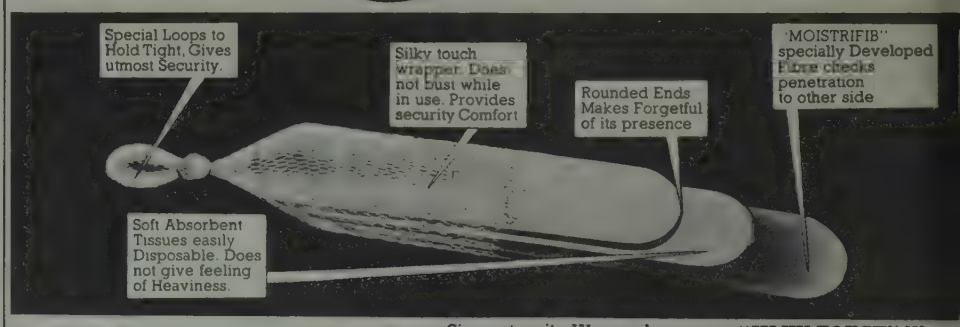
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MANMOHINI SEHGAL:

HELPING THOSE IN NEED

Mrs. Sehgal has led an active public life since her college days, first in politics during the freedom struggle and then in social welfare. She has fought for Harijans, exploited women, children; tried to change the food habits of the people . . . There are no lost causes; the battle is always on

Jyotsana Kapoor

Graceful and dignified, Mrs. Manmohini Sehgal is a social worker who cannot resist going to the help of people in need, even at the cost of sacrificing her health and happiness. The latest example of this has been her work for the flood victims in Delhi where she worked relentlessly helping the authorities distribute food, clothes and other necessities.

"The floods have uprooted so many people from their homes. I think before the work of rehabilitation starts, the authorities should reorganise the villages. Approach roads should be made pucca, trees should be planted and there should be at least one playground for village children," says Mrs. Sehgal with genuine concern for the welfare of the villagers.

Manmohinj was born in 1909 and has been taking an active part in public life since her college days. Belonging to the illustrious Nehru family, politics was part of her life even in childhood. She was the first woman to have been elected President of the Lahore Students Union, in 1929, and in the same year led the Congress Women's Volunteers Corps at the session of the Congress when the resolution for total independence was passed under the presidentship of the late Jawaharlal Nehru.

She was often threatened with expulsion from the Government College, Lahore, but she was not bowed down. She was imprisoned thrice during the satyagraha movement of 1930-32. "I did not mind going to jail. In fact, it used to be great fun, because there used to be other women also in jail and we used to enjoy harassing the authorities," she says. She had to give up active politics in 1933 when she got married, as her husband was in government service, though he never stopped her from attending the A.I.C.C. meetings. It was at this stage that Manmohini took to social work seriously. Her aim was always been to help children, women and Harijans.

Mrs. Sehgal overseeing a cooking demonstration organised by the "committee for change of food habits".

In the 1950's Mrs. Sehgal took over the charge as Hon. Director, Social Welfare and Rehabilitation Directorate. She realised that most of the Harijans were heavily in debt. They had to pay exorbitant rates of interest to money-lenders who exploited them. "So one day I called the Harijans working in the N.D.M.C. (New Delhi Municipal Committee) and the money-lenders to my office and asked them how much each Harijan owed them. I prepared a complete list and then started sending one man to the N.D.M.C. office every pay day to collect the wages of all Harijans. I used to pay some money on behalf of each of them to the money-lenders, keep some as saving, and give the rest for their daily necessities. I did it for a few months, but I did not have enough men to look after the scheme. So I wrote about it to Prime Minister Nehru, who asked me to hand over the whole thing to the Bharat Sewak Samaj. I do not know what happened to the scheme after that."

Mrs. Sehgal has very definite ideas about the various things she wants to achieve, though she has not always been able to bring them to the right conclusion for lack of opportunities. "Regarding prohibition, I have my own ideas on how to make a success of it. I feel there must be an alternative to prohibition, but no one thinks about that aspect of it. The poor people, who are the real sufferers, should either be given cheap milk or fruit juice or provided with entertainment in the evenings. I tried this out in a village a few years ago and it was a success, but the programme fell through as I did not have enough people to manage it."

Mrs. Sehgal has been chairman of many committees. She is the founder-member and a member of the executive committee of the Indian Council for Child Welfare as well as the Delhi Council for Child Welfare. She was Vice-President of the All-India Women's Central Food Council which ran "Annapoorna" (a cafetaria) to popularise non-cereal dishes. It was here that the system of self-help was introduced for the first time. The Council opened many such cafetarias in the country. "In 1966, we formed the committee for change of food habits and I was appointed its secretary. When 'Annapoorna' was closed down in 1968 we took over the premises and started 'Rasika'. We organised cooking demonstrations of dishes made without cereals, at women's clubs and organisations. It became a kind of housewife-to-housewife campaign. There were no cooking experts involved and any housewife who made a good non-cereal dish was asked to come and give a demonstration. We also got a grant from the Food Ministry and the campaign became a big success. It also brought into focus the use of soyabean in various non-cereal dishes. We prepared about 500 different dishes with soyabean then.

"The demonstrations were also held in 'Rasika', but I realised that it was difficult to run a cafetaria with just non-cereal dishes. We needed money to continue with the demonstrations. So we started serving all varieties of food, but at very reasonable prices. The cafetaria was meant for ordinary people, to give them clean food in clean surroundings," says Mrs. Sehgal. A small portion of these premises is still functioning as a cafetaria, but with a new name. Demonstrations of non-cereal dishes are still held at the request of some women's organisations, and Mrs. Sehgal is the chairman of this committee.

Recipient of the 'Tamra Patra' as a freedom-fighter in 1972, Mrs. Sehgal is at present a secretary of the National Federation of Indian Women. The Federation helps women who have been thrown out by their husbands or in-laws for not bringing in enough dowry. "We have a lawyer to help these women and we do our best to at least get them some maintenance money from their husbands," she says.

Mrs. Sehgal feels that children should be taught to take interest in social work from childhood. "Something should also be done for children in the 12-16 age group. It is a very impressionable age and most of the children in India have to live in small rooms with large families where they cannot even do their school homework without being disturbed. Hobby centres and small reading rooms should be opened in all localities. Children must have a proper outlet for their energies, otherwise chances are that they will go astray. We have no buildings and no funds to do it. I feel institutions like the Samaj, which have their own buildings in many localities, should give them for some time every day to people willing to do the work. For college-going teenagers also some recreation should be provided. But no one has time to think of the younger generation. No institution is willing to let out its building for the purpose," says Mrs. Sehgal helplessly. "How can social workers function when the authorities do not take any interest? One gets frustrated with all the rules and regulations."

Mrs. Sehgal, who is not interested in going to clubs or gossiping with friends, spends her free time reading. She has done a lot of reading on ancient Indian history, ancient Indian systems of education and marriage, and plans to write articles on these subjects in the near future

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SANJEEV: SLIMMER, AND MORE AMBITIOUS

Vijaya Irani

Sanjeev had recently been out of hospital. ("For a check-up," he said.) He looks better now with a slimmer body and a leaner face, though when I met him he was wearing a grey beard for a scene in a film.

Old-man roles seemed to be getting a habit with him, I pointed out. "Not any more," he declared. "It was okay as long as I wanted to expand my horizon and try out new roles, to avoid having an 'image'. Take 'Trishul' where I play a father; my role was liked and the film is a big hit. But that doesn't mean I want to be type-cast in old-man roles.

OLD-MAN ROLES

"The other day, a producer came to me with an offer to play father to an established hero. There had been others before him with the same sort of proposition. I was quite fed up by then, so I asked this man why he didn't consider me for the role of that hero, which I can easily play, why he wanted me only for the father's role. The man tells me cooly 'We saw the fantastic reaction to your 'Trishul' role, so we thought along the lines of that film. We didn't even consider you for the other role.' Just imagine the audacity of these fellows! I could see through their line of thinking. If they cast me as the son, they would have to take Pran or Premnath or some other senior character actor to play my father. Instead, if they cast me as the father, and another top-star as my son, their set-up would have better commerical prospects as a kind of multi-star project.

REFUSED OFFER

"I am not going to be taken in anymore by this kind of stuff. I refused the offer. This doesn't mean that I will refuse all offers to play an elderly man. If the prospect is a real change from what I've done so far, I might take it up."

Sanjeev now holds himself and his expectations in rein, so that he is not disappointed at the outcome of a film. This is in contrast to his earlier optimism when he would talk about how well the film would be received, particularly a film like "Naya Din Nayi Raat" where he played nine different roles.

"Yes, I think the poor response to that film has made me this way. First, I used to think good acting had to have a good response. But that is not so."

WANT TO RELAX

He sighed and said, "I am feeling tired — this business is getting too mechanical and monotonous. I have cut down on my kinds of films. I work only one shift a day, and not just for health reasons. I used to sign for any and every film which I thought had a good enough

"My work is getting to be mechanical and monotonous. Now I want to direct my own films. I'll do it within the next two years."

script. I enjoyed working for them and then the outcome would leave me dissatisfied, with a feeling of no-accomplishment. I realised the best way out is to plan a lifestyle which gives me enough time to relax, enjoy my work and also to choose it with care. After all these years of working and getting a good reputation I think I am entitled to this."

What satisfies him now at this stage of his career — the working, the finished product or the reaction to his performance?

"I think I only concentrate on the finished product. For an actor, whatever film he takes up, the work is the same when he has been in the profession for a long time. It just becomes a mechanical job. The total film is what matters to me now."

PRAISE FROM RAY

"Does your choice depend on the director?" I asked.

"No, only on the role and the script. The director does not matter. Most of the directors leave me to work out my role — at least that much respect I have earned over these years. So I am not much bothered or interested who my director is going to be. If it is a good set-up, there must be a good director, and then I get freedom to do what I think is best for the shots."

What was the reaction to his role in Ray's "Shatranj Ke Khilari"?

He stared at me for a long time and then smiled. "The problem is there was no reaction at all. I was expecting some kind of response, but no. It wasn't a commercial film anyway. I did get a beautiful letter from Manekda (Ray) saying that it was the first time he had worked with a professional and he hoped we would make more films in future together. Things like this please me.

IMAGE-TYPING

"Then 'Pati Patni Aur Woh' was a nice change, I thought. It was a comedy, giving me a new image. But now I have three producers asking me to do the same type of role, and I am wondering which one to take. Again it is going to mean getting typed.

"I am going to get out of this rut of trying to dodge image-typing. I want to direct my own films. I'll do it within the next two years. I want to reach out higher. Acting will always remain my first love and occupation, but directing my own films will be a compensation for the boredom, the disappointments and the feeling of insecurity which every actor gets after a certain time [illegible]

Photographs: Sant[illegible]

THE STORY SO FAR

Leigh Stanton innocently accepts an invitation from her boy friend Gavin Sinclair to spend a week-end in his father's house. Much to her dismay, she learns that Gavin's intentions are far from honourable. She wants to escape but is interrupted by the unexpected arrival of Piers Sinclair, Gavin's father, a hard, cynical divorcee and playboy millionaire. Piers puts a wrong construction on the situation, whisks young Leigh back home in his car and lectures her on the degenerating morality of youth.

NOW READ ON...

Leigh went home to her parents for the week-end, On the way back, just a few miles from London, her Mini came to a spluttering halt.

Yet another car passed by and Leigh moved swiftly to the side of the road as the powerful car swished past her at great speed. Roadhog! she fumed silently, looking up with some surprise as the car came to a screeching halt some way down the road, and began reversing towards her. Leigh stepped back again on to the side of the road as the car drew up beside her.

The window moved down by the press of a button, the driver leaning over to speak to her. 'Can I be of any assistance?' asked a familiar deep, masculine voice.

Piers Sinclair got swiftly out of the car, putting his hand out wordlessly for the car keys, before lifting up the bonnet of her old battered Mini. After a few minutes he slammed the bonnet back down and climbed into the car. Leigh stifled a chuckle at his imposing figure sitting so incongruously in her tiny car. It still wouldn't start and she tried hard to hide her smug smile at his inability to find the trouble. That would teach him to be so sure of himself all the time!

He got out of her car without a word and began looking through the boot of his own car. A second later he came back, a large petrol container in his hand. 'Didn't you bother to check the petrol gauge, or are you in the habit of letting it run dry?'

Leigh blushed a fiery red. 'I... er...I didn't think. I'm so used to it breaking down that I didn't think about checking the petrol.' She moved nervously from one foot to the other.

'Here,' she handed him a clean handkerchief from the pocket of her jeans.

'What's the matter?' he asked softly. 'Are you frightened I might send you the cleaning bill?'

'You can if you like,' she smiled at him cheekily. 'Although whether or not I can pay it is a different matter.'

She saw a flash of white teeth as he smiled in the darkness. 'Another broke student, huh?'

'I'd hardly call Gavin that,' she scoffed.

'Is that why you went out with him? Because he has money?' His voice had hardened to anger.

Leigh stiffened. 'I didn't know your son had money. I went out with him because I liked him. I don't have to take your insults, Mr. Sinclair. Yesterday you accused me of being...' she hesitated. 'Well, you know what you accused me of. And now you as much as call me a gold-digger. Have you quite finished insulting me, or do you have something else to say?'

'Nothing else for the moment.' He handed back her car keys. 'It should be all right now, but I should have it checked over all the same, just to be on the safe side.'

'Is the car worth it?'

'Not really.'

'Thanks very much!' She marched over to her own car. 'We can't all afford flashy cars.'

* * *

'You're never going to believe this, Karen, I'm not sure I do myself, but I received an offer of help that I just wasn't able to refuse. Much as I would have liked to.'

'You mean — you mean some man forced you to accept his help?'

'Not just any man — Piers Sinclair.' The last was said with a grimace.

'What, again!'

Leigh began stripping off her clothes in preparation for her shower, throwing her discarded clothes on her own single bed. 'Yes, again. You can imagine how embarrassed I felt, especially when he discovered that all the trouble was that I'd run out of petrol. Just my luck.'

Leigh and Karen were to go to a party that night at the house of one of their college friends.

'You look lovely,' Leigh told her friend.

She was wearing a long flower print dress in dark blue and white and it showed off her small dainty figure to perfection. 'Who's all this for?' teased Leigh. 'Keith?'

Karen coloured prettily. 'No, although I do like him a lot. Not seriously, though,' she turned around as she heard the doorbell ring. 'That'll be him now.'

Leigh released her hair from the shower cap, and began cleansing her face before applying fresh make-up to her glowing cheeks.

Karen looked flushed and breathless when she rushed back into the bedroom and Leigh smiled teasingly. 'What's happened to you ? Has Keith been flirting with you again?'

'No, it's — oh dear!' Karen began to look even more flustered. 'It's — Oh, there's someone in the lounge to see you. It wasn't Keith at the door at all.'

Leigh frowned. 'Then who was it?'

'I don't know, he didn't give a name, simply asked to see you.'

Leigh hitched the towel more securely about her and walked into the lounge, her feet

PART TWO

THE PASSIONATE WINTER

Carole Mortimer

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padding wetly on the carpet. She came to a halt as she saw her visitor. He was standing with his back towards the room, staring out of the window, but Leigh had no doubts about his identity. No other man she knew had such thick vibrant hair and such broad shoulders.

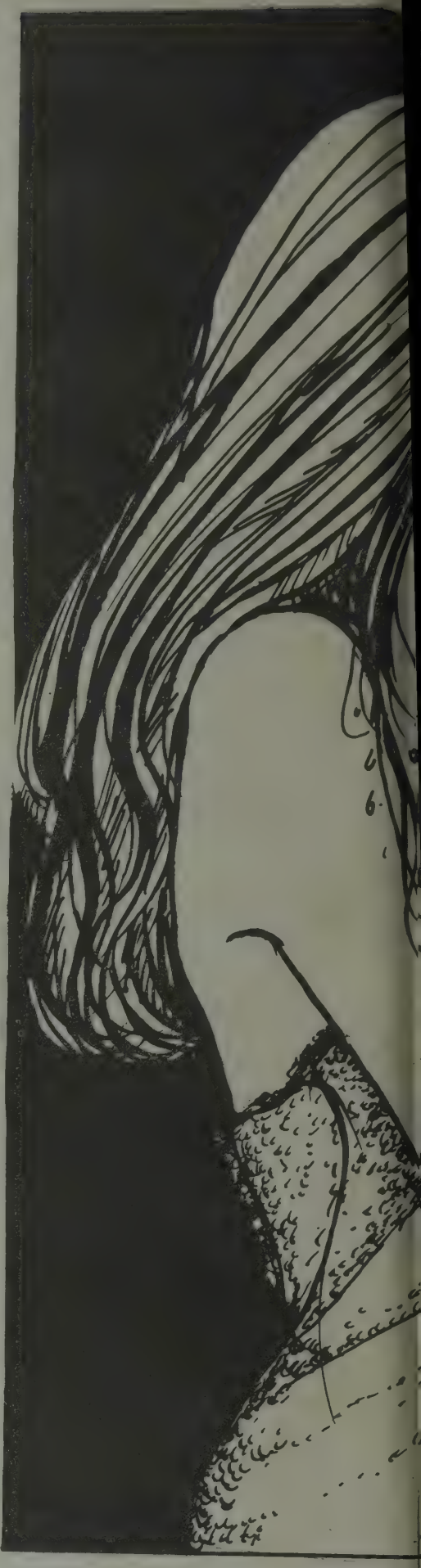
'Good evening again, Mr. Sinclair,' she said politely, 'I. . .' only to be cut off in mid-sentence by the arrival of Keith.

'The door was open,' he explained. 'Hello, kitten,' he hugged her to him before suddenly becoming aware of the other person in the room. He looked expectantly at Leigh. 'Are you in the habit of greeting your visitors in this fashion, or are you trying to start a new trend in clothes?' the older man asked.

'Oh come, Mr. Sinclair, surely you're accustomed to seeing women in bath towels. After all, you must have had plenty of opportunity.'

'Perhaps. But then you aren't a woman.'

Leigh felt sorry for Keith. If Piers Sinclair had looked down his arrogant nose at her like that



she would have wanted to run away and hide; as it was she had no other choice but to introduce them. 'Keith, this is Mr. Sinclair, Gavin's father. Mr. Sinclair, Keith Manders.'

Karen must have heard Keith arrive because she came hurriedly out of the bedroom, taking hold of Keith's arm and giving them all a shy smile. 'Shall we wait for you, Leigh, or will you follow later?' She looked pointedly at Piers Sinclair.

Leigh started visibly. She had no wish to be left on her own with this man. But she could hardly delay Keith and Karen any longer as it was already

quite late. 'You two go ahead,' she told them, trying hard not to show how nervous she actually felt. In a group of people Piers Sinclair made her feel nervous; what would she feel like when she was left alone with him in the flat? 'I'll probably be along later, but if I'm not you'll know I've decided to have an early night.'

She looked nervously at her silent companion after Karen and Keith had left, noting his disapproving look. 'What's wrong now?' she sighed wearily as she sat down. 'I can tell by the look on your face that I've done something else you don't approve of.'

Despite all her efforts, Leigh Stanton could not avoid Piers Sinclair. He dogged her footsteps, insulting her, bullying her, ...and wanting her

His dark eyebrows rose haughtily. 'I wouldn't have thought my approval mattered to you particularly, Miss Stanton. But if you would really like to know the reason for my displeasure it's because I didn't like the way that young man walked in here as if he owned the place and acted as if it was perfectly normal for him to see you dressed only in a towel!'

Leigh glared at him defiantly. 'Perhaps it is normal for him! He's a very good friend of mine.'

Piers Sinclair pulled her close against the lean hard length of his body, his grip on her arm tightening. 'How much of a friend?'

'Just a friend.' She felt his hold on her wrist loosen and she thankfully pulled herself away from the drugging sensation of his body, rubbing her arm as the blood began to flow through to her hand again. 'You didn't have to hurt me. Are you usually this violent?'

'Not usually, no.' His face relaxed and he studied her with intent eyes. 'Only when something is important to me.'

'And does my virginity fall into that category?' she couldn't resist asking.

Piers Sinclair sat down, calmly taking a cigarette from his gold case, offering her one before igniting it with his matching lighter after her refusal. 'Strangely enough,' he said huskily, 'it does. You're only a child, and much too young to run about with the crowd Gavin mixes with.'

'And he isn't?'

'Just go and dress like a good girl,' he said impatiently.

Leigh needed no second bidding. It didn't take her long to don the wine-coloured velvet trousers and fine lawn smock-top, brushing her hair back until it was a glistening black cloud about her slim shoulders.

'Very nice,' he said approvingly. 'You're a very beautiful girl.'

'I am?'

'Yes, you are, if you weren't so damned obstinate all the time.' He put his hand inside his jacket pocket and pulled out the handkerchief he hadn't bothered to use when she had given it to him earlier to wipe his oily hands. 'Yours, I believe.'

Leigh took the handkerchief out of his proffered hand, staring at it as if she had never seen it before. 'You came here just to bring this back to me?'

'Disappointed?' he asked softly.

'No, of course not!' Leigh denied vehemently,

Piers stood up. 'Very well, I'll take you out.' He straightened one snowy white cuff.

'To the party? You'll give me a lift?'

He shook his head. 'No, I didn't say that. I said I would take you out, which is exactly what I meant. Are you ready?'

'Look, Mr. Sinclair, I don't know your reasons for suggesting we spend the evening together, but I do know that I no more have a wish to go out with you than you have to take me. You haven't ruined my evening you know, the party will probably go on until the early hours of the morning.'

'Miss Stanton,' he mocked, his accompanying smile half teasing, 'I rarely proffer invitations that I don't mean. Why shouldn't I want to take you out? As I said earlier, you're a very beautiful girl.'

Leigh looked at him wide-eyed, feeling uncomfortable under his appraising look. 'Excuse me if I'm wrong, Mr. Sinclair, but aren't you exactly the sort of person you profess I need protecting from?'

His smile was cruel now, his appraising eyes stripping her of any self-confidence she might have left. 'My first impression of you was obviously correct, Miss Stanton. You're nothing but a child who should have received a few more beatings than you obviously did in younger days,' he bowed distantly. 'May I wish you goodnight.'

* * *

Leigh worked at St. David's Hospital, and had done for the past year, as a pre-nursing student — since she was sixteen, almost seventeen. She had tried a secretarial course first and finding she didn't like it had turned to something she had always wanted to do. Ever since she had been a very young girl and had visited one of her brothers in hospital while he was having his appendix removed, she had wanted to become a nurse...

Sister Cooper looked at the duty roster before her, a frown marring her usually calm brow. 'I see Mrs. Humphries was due to go on reception for Sir Charles' clinic this afternoon,' she said thoughtfully. 'You have acted as receptionist in the past, haven't you, Nurse?'

'Oh yes, Sister.'

'Very well,' Sister nodded her head. 'Mrs. Humphries has called in sick today and I need someone to take over her job as receptionist at Sir Charles' clinic. It starts at two thirty. All right?'

'Yes, thank you, Sister.' Leigh excused herself to prepare the pathology cards in the many clinic rooms. It would be exciting to be present at Sir Charles' clinic, if only on the outside. It was a private clinic on a Tuesday afternoon and many famous people came for a private consultation with this well-known man.

Sir Charles was already inside the clinic-room by the time Leigh seated herself behind the reception desk, but the first patient wasn't due for another fifteen minutes.

She checked down the list of names, stopping short when she saw the name half way down the page. She couldn't believe it! This just couldn't be happening to her! Piers Sinclair! She started fixedly at the list for several long minutes. Perhaps it wasn't him. That was it, it couldn't be the Piers Sinclair she knew. Her face paled and she felt physically sick. Of course it was him. It wasn't exactly a common name.

It was two weeks since her last meeting with Piers Sinclair, and consequent argument with Gavin. She had seen Gavin at college and at several parties given by mutual friends of them both, but the two of them had ignored each other wherever possible. And now she had to face his father again! But perhaps he wouldn't recognise her. A nurse's uniform was much different from her usual trousers and tops...

'Piers Sinclair. My appointment is for three-thirty, I believe.'

Leigh ran her finger down the list in pretence of searching for his name. 'Yes, Mr. Sinclair, I have your name here. Would you like to take a seat, you shouldn't have long to wait.' Still she didn't look up.

'Thank you. Have I met you somewhere before?' He bent down to lift her chin, staring with amazement into Leigh's startled, apprehensive violet eyes. His eyes narrowed. 'You!' he said hardly, his mouth twisting bitterly.

'Would you mind telling me what sort of rubbish you've been feeding Gavin? He seems to be under the misapprehension that you're my current girl-friend.'

'What your son chooses to believe has nothing to do with me, Mr. Sinclair. I can hardly be blamed for the way his mind works.'

Later, she became aware of Piers Sinclair walking beside her and she glared up at him. 'What do you want?' she asked crossly.

He took hold of her arm as they walked down the corridor. 'I have my car outside.'

'So?' she turned on him angrily. 'Look, Mr. Sinclair, I intend to get myself a well-earned cup of tea in the staff canteen. Now will you please let go of my arm!'

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To be continued

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INDIAN WOMEN ABROAD:

KUWAIT

Early Maturity Behind 'Purdah'

Jayashree Chatterjee

Life for a foreigner in Kuwait is unique in many ways. In other countries a definite predominant lifestyle, based on the fact that the nationals of that country constitute the majority of the population, prevails. In Kuwait, which has a population of little over a million, the Kuwaitis account for a little less than half that figure. Besides, due to various socio-economic reasons, few Kuwaitis and Indians meet socially on a personal level. Also, a foreigner cannot get Kuwaiti nationality just by virtue of his long residence in the country: nationality is granted by the Government very sparingly. And in this country no non-Kuwaiti can buy land, own a house or a business. So the Kuwaiti lifestyle is not one that a foreigner is easily invited to accept: apart from anything else all foreigners know that they cannot settle indefinitely in this country.

Of course, an Arab lifestyle does predominate because the Arabs are the largest group here. In many ways the Arab way of life is different from the Indian, but in many others it is similar. In fact, just as India today is a social conglomorate of conservative, fairly liberal and very liberal (in many cases this means westernised) groups, so is Kuwait, though the degree of flexibility differs. So the socio-economic forces a girl growing up here is exposed to are complex.

Ask any number of Indian mothers what the main advantage of bringing up their children in Kuwait is and they will almost invariably answer: the material one. And it's true. Salaries are much higher here than in India and goods from all over the world are easily available. The housewife here, unlike the average middle-class housewife in India, doesn't have to count her pennies while buying butter, cheese or chicken for her children. All types of food from from all over the world is available at the co-operatives. And so with all the other necessities — and luxuries — of everyday living: kitchen equipment, furniture, cars, etc. Materially, the average Indian girl in Kuwait obviously enjoys a much better lifestyle than the average Indian middle-class girl in India.

But, continue the mothers, the disadvantages are equally overwhelming. "It's difficult to help one's child to develop her personality here," a mother said. "Compared to India the restrictions one faces here are enormous." Almost every mother faces this difficulty. Its effects are curious and they handicap many of these girls when they return to India.

What exactly are these restrictions? There are three Indian schools in Kuwait which are under the Central Board of Secondary Education. So school children can keep in touch with Indian education. But unfortunately these schools have few of the facilities for extra-curricular activities which the better schools in India have. They also have few of the facilities many schools in India enjoy for Work Education. Nor is it always possible to organise dramas, debates etc. So the average school child going to an Indian school here does not have as much chance of learning anything outside the syllabus as the average school child in India does.

Once the child comes home the facilities are equally restricted. There are people who teach Indian dancing or music here, but most of the mothers do not drive and girls are not allowed to go out alone, so it is difficult for them to participate in the limited opportunities available for learning something extra-curricular. And hobbies aside, it is even difficult for them to go to the parks to play or to meet their friends owing to this same problem of transport. This is unbelievable in India but it is true here: girls just don't go out alone. So they can only go out if their parents — or more appropriately their fathers, as this is the case in most families — take them. And this their fathers, who have other jobs to do, clearly cannot do every day. So where the average girl in India would be out in the parks playing or going for walks in the open air with her friends, the average Indian girl in Kuwait is cooped up in an unnatural atmosphere (airconditioned) at home.

I'm very emphatic about the unnatural atmosphere. Girls in India know the joys of walking in the sunshine or getting wet in the rain. In Kuwait girls go out only by car, and then too from one air-conditioned house to another. Many of them cannot stand the natural climate in India. During the summer they break out in heat boils. During the monsoons they catch colds. And these are not just minor irritants. Many mothers said that they did not enjoy going to India because their children invariably fell sick due to the change in climate.

The only other recreation a child has here is watching TV and the ill effects of becoming addicted to the 'idiot box' are well known, particularly because many of the serials shown here (they are imported mainly from the U.S.A. and the U.K.) are full of violence or have very adult themes.

"Look at the difference between my two daughters," a mother pointed out to me. "One is interested in life. She is an extrovert and makes friends easily. She was brought up in boarding school in India. The other is an introvert, I'm worried about how to draw her out." Actually she is an interesting girl too, but one has to draw her into the conversation. Maybe that's her nature. "That's not the whole reason," says her mother. "It's because she's being brought up here."

The Indian girls here feel so too. "I feel more mature when I'm with girls in India," a teenager told me. "They're so childish about most things." But she also added, "There's one thing I feel I lack though. All of them have a hobby. When I'm with them I feel very conscious of the fact that I have few extra-curricular activities.

And because of the sheltered lives these girls lead here they find it difficult to go about alone in India. This may sound trivial but for a girl faced with this difficulty the implications are enormous. "At first I was miserable. I realised I had no confidence in myself," a teenager told me. Once back in India most of these girls have to go to college by bus or train. But they have never been in these types of conveyances. Nor have they seen so many crowds.

Most mothers find these restrictions very frustrating in bringing up children in Kuwait. Several of them send their children to boarding schools in India (or elsewhere) because there they are exposed to a variety of experiences and can hope for an all-round development. In many families the mothers also go back to India and stay there with the children. That, if course, has other effects: those of families being parted. In any case, girls wanting to go in for university education generally have to go to India. The University of Kuwait has few Indian students. One reason for this is that the medium of instruction in the faculties of Arts, Law and Commerce is Arabic.

But it must be emphasised that not every Indian girl who is brought up here is handicapped. I know a girl who went to school here and is now in college in Bangalore. She was voted Freshie Queen when she joined college. She faced things like ragging very sportingly. She wins almost every competition in her college because she had many hobbies in Kuwait. One would never dream of saying the restrictions here had crippled her development. There are two reasons for this: one is her own personality. The other, the active interest of her parents. Her mother drives. So she was able to take her daughter whenever necessary in Kuwait. She also went out of her way to encourage her daughter to have extra-curricular interests. So in cases where the personality of the daughter and the enthusiasm of the mother match, things

Continued on page 50

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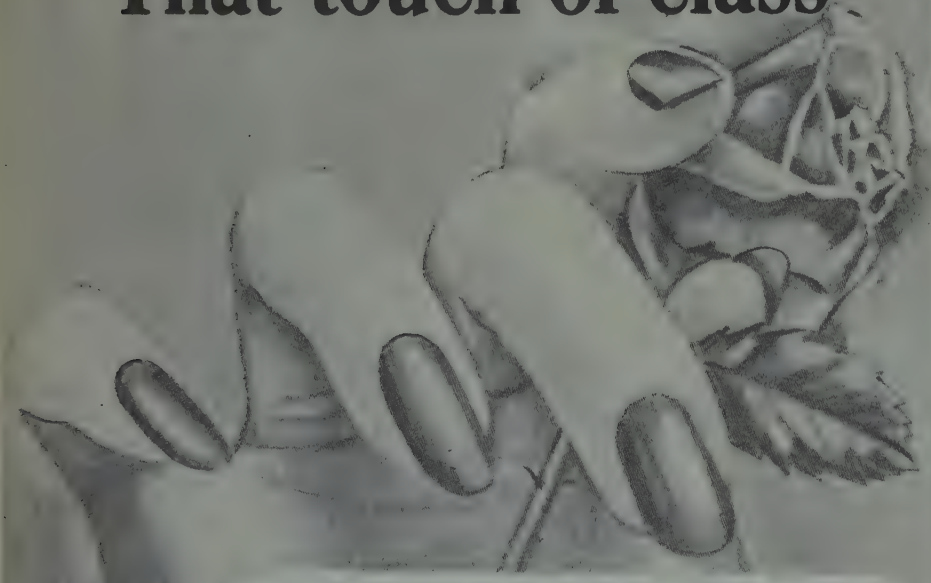

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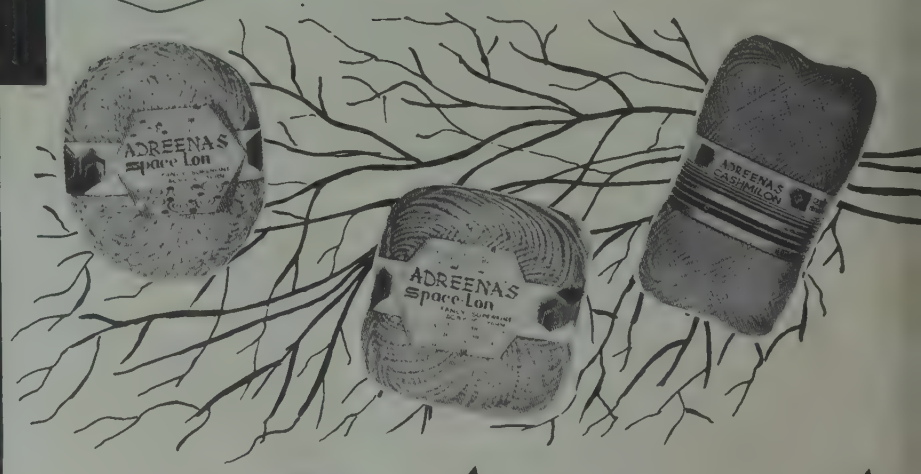

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THE FOREIGN-RETURNED :

'WE MISS THE CULTURE'

Satish, an engineer who had just won a scholarship to go abroad for higher studies, found that his parents were making hectic efforts to find a 'suitable' bride for him before he left India.

A young doctor who had picked up a three-year contract with an American hospital was inundated with elderly relatives advising him to 'be careful' during his stay abroad and avoid the company of wine and women.

A single woman going abroad even today brings forth clucks of sympathy from fussy family members and society, who do not understand how an unescorted woman could survive the permissive atmosphere of the West.

The near and dear ones of persons going abroad are nagged by the fear that the atmosphere of freedom in the West may 'turn the heads' of their beloved ones. Particularly common are the fears that the person may not return to native soil, may marry a foreigner, give up religious beliefs and adopt the Western culture.

On the other hand, those of the younger generation who have stayed abroad have their own difficulties when they come back. After having got over the initial problem of adjusting to the system in their adopted countries, they find it equally trying on their return to India to put up with the hazards of bureaucracy, red-tapism and archaic rituals in Indian homes.

The opinion of some such young people who had returned to the motherland after a stint abroad throws much new light on this age-old problem.

Raj is in his mid-twenties, just returned to India after a two-year stay at Cambridge University where he had gone to specialise in Economics. "My first problem there was how to spend the evenings," he says. "The English are not used to visiting each other, are basically reserved and their life revolves round the pub. To add to my problems, I am a teetotaller and I am not an active sportsman. It was only after a year that I knew a few people who stayed in the hostel with me."

A doctor working as medical adviser to one of the prominent pharmaceutical concerns in India threw more light on the subject vis-a-vis the working person abroad. Dr. K. was in New York for two years as pharmaceutical adviser to a leading firm. "Their culture and ours are so different," he said. "People there are extremely withdrawn and keep to themselves, never interfering with another person's work. They work their hearts out during office-hours and eagerly await the week-end, when they could get away from the monotony and relax. On the other hand, the average Indian in America spends the week-end buying groceries and cleaning his house.

"What I miss about America presently relates mainly to my job. I don't have the right type of facilities here, there is too much red-tape and the efficiency of the lower staff particularly is very poor. The average Indian works very little compared to the average American. Of course, it is difficult to get a job there but once that hurdle is overcome the money and credit available literally flood a person. What irritates me most right now is that at every step of my work people tell me 'this is not America' to cover up for their laziness," he adds testily.

Srirang and Rekha Nabar are a young couple living in a quiet suburb of Bombay. Recently married, the two have had opportunities to stay abroad for varying lengths of time: Rekha with her father (who is in the Foreign Service) in Switzerland, and Srirang on deputation through his parent firm in Germany and the USA. "When one lives abroad for some length of time, one comes to realise the shortcomings and benefits of living in one's own country," they said.

"What pleased me the most," said Srirang, "was their attitude towards life. As long as you do your own thing and don't interfere with others, nobody even cares to look at you. There is an air of implicit trust — things can be done over the phone or by mail which would involve three or four visits here."

Rekha chipped in, saying. "The sense of freedom is something we cannot understand sitting here. A person could dye his or her hair purple just for the heck of it and nobody would even raise an eyebrow. Moreover, there is no boss-employee relationship as such. In fact, on one occasion the Managing Director of the bank I was working in came for a picnic with the staff, a thing I could not imagine happening in India."

Being keen to know of the Women's Lib movement in Switzerland I asked her whether she felt discriminated against now, in comparison with the job she held abroad. "Definitely," was the vehement answer. "There was no sex discrimination in the Swiss bank, but in India I find that women do not get equal status with men when it comes to respect while at work. For example, if I were to argue with a male colleague on a technical point, he would be bound to think that a woman's opinion could not be relied upon even if I was right. Even the senior officers are hesitant to delegate important duties to a woman."

The topic finally veered round to sex and marriage, the two "untouchable' topics which the older generation is very wary about and which are openly talked about in the 'permissive' countries of the West. Most of the people who had talked to me said, "You realise the futility and immaturity of the system of arranged marriages when you see the system in action abroad. People accept arranged marriages in India out of a feeling of servility and to satiate the need for sex; so many people we know have married young just because their parents ordered them to. At that age in the West, young men and women really enjoy themselves and their freedom. It is only when they have seen life adequately that they step into marriage."

The obvious question that strikes a person after going through these opinions is: if things abroad are so rosy why do people return to India at all? As many do admit, once a person gets used to the luxuries of life there, it is difficult to readjust to the Indian way of life. Even those who do come back get frustrated with the corruption, apathy and nepotism in the Indian environment and go back West with downcast faces.

Those who have come back and stayed on, however, emphasise that their main reasons were that they were born in India and they preferred the Indian culture which was ingrained into their lives at a very early age. The doctor put it succinctly when he said, "Though I was in America, at heart I was an Indian; more of an Indian than in India itself. I bought Indian soaps and cosmetics though they were costlier. I took pride in wearing pyjama-kurta on an off-day, though I never wore them in India. Don't ask me why, but there was a sudden spark of patriotism in me and I felt compelled to do it."

Considering the latest developments like large-scale retrenchment, attacks on Asians and the general treatment of Indians as second rate citizens in the West, it should not be long before more and more Indians abroad return home. And when they do come back, they will bring back a new whiff of cultural and social ideas from the West which in turn would affect the lives of people in this country.

Manohar S. Kamath

Devi

Manoj does not believe in minor vices like daru, cigarettes, parties, etc. He goes all out for major vices like patriotism and women. He managed to surprise folks when he hopped over to Pakistan with a lame excuse like the Cricket Test at Lahore. Manoj neither plays cricket nor watches matches at home. Maybe he wants to improve his image abroad.

Manoj, like Dilip Kumar, has the politician complex,

MANOJ: It's Now Hindi-Paki Bhai Bhai

and he is just aping Atal Behari Vajpayee who recently flew to Pakistan. Maybe Manoj feels that his Bharat films are not in demand with the illicit traders who smuggle out Hindi films to Pakistan.

Javed must have gone to Pakistan as Manoj's pilot car, to pave the way for Manoj to take a somersault. The T.V. revealed that for moral support Manoj had Idris Dehlvi of **Shama-Shushma** beside him. The minimum that rich Manoj (who can afford to change his shirt before, during and after lunch and tea breaks) could have done, was to change his attire. He was shown wearing the same shirt all along.

The main reason for the Pakistan visit of Javed and Manoj is hunger for recognition, and what better land can they choose than Pakistan? The Pakistanis are so wonky over our filmwallahs that even Ranjan, who is there currently, gets mobbed and manages several dinner invitations daily.

* * *

Zeenat and Sanjay decided to go down to the Holiday Inn lawns to shock people a little more. They held hands and walked into Raj Khosla's reception held to mark his two daughters' weddings. But even the drab folks at the dull reception concentrated on ice-cream instead of the illicit lovers. The host came later than the last guest and Naaz and Subiraj were profusely photographed. So you can get an idea of the star attendance and yet, except for some stray autograph hunters, people failed to recognise both — Zeenat with her clothes on and Sanjay with his beard on.

INDIAN WOMEN ABROAD:

KUWAIT

Continued from page 47

can be done. But it is also true that one has to put a lot more effort into getting these things done than in India.

Despite these difficulties most mothers I spoke to want to stay on in Kuwait because of the material advantages. So do many of their daughters, though not all. What is interesting is that most of those daughters who fall into the first category want to marry boys who are willing to live in Kuwait. But with one exception: they all want to marry Indian boys. (It does not matter whether the boys are brought up in India). And most of the mothers said that though they would not oppose their daughters marrying Arabs they would prefer them to marry not only Indian boys but boys of their own community.

"You see," a mother said, "the Arabs are like us where it comes to restricting a girl in going out alone with a boy and in believing, in general, in arranged marriages. But the other differences are so great that my daughter wouldn't be happy married to an Arab." Some of the differences mentioned were religious, the problem of which community the children would belong to, social ("many Arabs still have four wives." This, incidentally, is a common fear among non-Arabs), and educational. "The average Indian girl is a graduate," one mother pointed out, "but the average Arab girl (not Kuwaiti though) stops studying once she leaves school. Likewise the average Indian girl is more emancipated — an Indian man generally treats her as more of an equal than the average Arab man. Far too many restrictions would be placed on my daughter."

Most Indian girls think this too, even the few who have close Arab or Kuwaiti friends whom they like. Of course, most of them don't have close Arab friends because few Arabs go to the Indian schools and their parents have few close Arabs friends; so they have little contact, socially, with the Arabs.

As a result most mothers bring up their daughters to conform to the Indian way of life. And most Indian girls here believe this to be the proper thing to do. "After all, I'm not ashamed of my culture," one girl said to me. Another stressed the point of Indian girls being more emancipated than Arab girls.

"There's no point in our following the Arabs in that is there?" she said.

Incidentally, there is an interesting slant to this question of emancipation. "We are not as emancipated or as independent as the girls back in India though we are more emancipated than the Arab girls," a teenager told me. "Maybe because they are out of their country and therefore emotionally insecure, parents here tend to be over-protective." This girl was brought up here and was not allowed to go out too often with friends (and never with boys) because this would be against the Indian way of life. "Then I went back to India to college," she said, "and I was so startled because the atmosphere was so healthy, so free. All the students, both male and female, were going out together, laughing and joking together. It was not at all like what I had been brought up to believe. I think parents in India are more broad-minded about these things

because they are in their own country; they know what is happening in the country and how times are changing and so they keep up with the changes."

Another girl was sent to school in a western country. "No one knew what I was doing there," she said, "I was on my own." But when she came back to Kuwait she had to stay at home all day and keep to restrictions which her parents explained were part of the Indian way of life. "It's so confusing," she said. "I'm allowed to behave in one way when I'm outside India or Kuwait but in these countries I have to behave in another way. How am I to know which is the right way and which isn't?"

Another difference in the Arab and the Indian ways of life is that the Arab man has to bring the dowry and the girl's father has to be satisfied that the boy can maintain his daughter before he allows the marriage to take place. One doesn't envisage this happening among the Indians here. As for their opinion about dowry in the Indian sense, most daughters and mothers are against it. Some mothers, however, said with resignation, "If we have to pay it we will. We don't want our daughters to be unhappy." And a teenager said, "It's a stupid custom but it's there and there's no running away from it. So my parents will have to give it, I guess."

However, I met one girl who has taken a great deal from the Arab way of life: from greeting her Arab friends the Arab way — kissing them on both cheeks and repeating 'marhaba' over and over again — to speaking Arabic fluently. She also dresses like an Arab girl in midi dresses and skirts and leaves her hair loose. She has her own car and drives around like many Arab girls do. In fact, people often mistake her for an Arab. But even she would not like to marry an Arab though she says they are a very warm-hearted people. She speaks of the familiar problem of emancipation. The one girl who wouldn't mind marrying an Arab was brought up in India and works here. She too has taken a great deal from the Arab way of life. She said, "After a certain cultural level nationality doesn't matter. I'd marry anyone — Arab or otherwise — who thought the way I did."

Yet most of these Indian girls and their mothers are not happy back in India despite the cultural similarity. "Nothing is available there!" a girl said to me. "Compare a Kuwaiti co-operative with a store in India. And this is not something trivial when you're used to getting all types of food in plenty whenever you want. It's annoying to see people having to stand in queues for milk or having to economise." Likewise with clothes. "The material is so bad. The colour usually runs." Of course, this is not a completely true picture of India. It's just that the Indian Government has import restrictions, while Kuwait is an open market. Other things in India that shocked these girls were the beggars, the dirt on the roads, the habit many people had of spitting betel-nut juice everywhere and the general disorderliness.

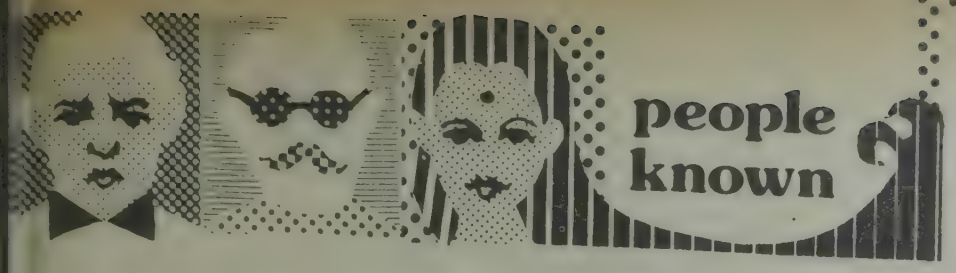
"Of course, if you're continuously going to voice sentiments like these you can't expect the girls in college to like you," said a teenager who has adapted beautifully to life in India. "They'd think you were showing off." Another girl said the same thing from another point of view. "Some of the girls seemed to avoid me because I kept going about by cab and spent so much on what they thought were luxuries. But I wasn't used to going about by bus and I had the money." One can understand both points of view — hers in being suddenly exposed to things she wasn't used to and that of her friends who were wary of going out with a girl when they couldn't spend as much as she could.

However, another teenager had a totally different experience. "Your friends in India always expect you to bring them back expensive presents if you're from the Gulf," she explained. "If you don't they think you're tight-fisted."

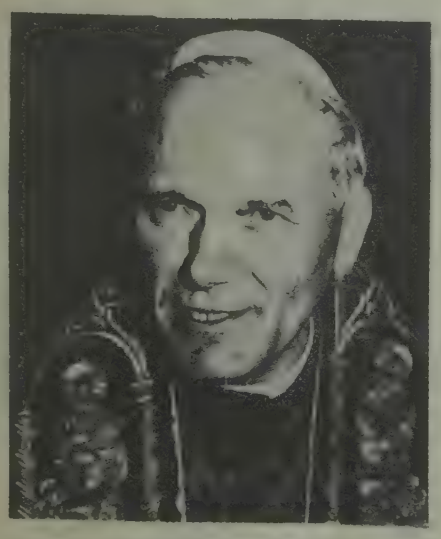
So though the Indians here are interested in what is happening in both Kuwait and India they cannot identify themselves, as far as their lifestyles are concerned, with the Arabs in Kuwait or the Indians in India. When in Kuwait they feel they cannot give up their traditions for customs which are not their own. But in India they usually find it difficult to fit in completely with Indian society. "Generally speaking, we live the same way as Indians in India," a parent said to me. "But our outlook is different." I sought to clarify this but no one could pinpoint it exactly. Neither could the girls tell me exactly why they felt more mature than the teenagers in India. It's not a question of sophistication as someone put it, because many girls in India are extremely sophisticated. Perhaps it's partly due to the fact that despite the restrictions the girls here face, they learn more about the outside world because they meet people of different nationalities in however limited a way. Also, perhaps they learn to be more self-reliant because of the lack of domestic help here. Perhaps the emotional effects of the alien environment, the overprotectiveness of the parents and their inability to develop outside interests make them lose their childhood and grow up too quickly.

"I'd say the solution for parents here is for them to send their children to boarding school in India. They'd learn to live in both places then," a girl said to me. "I understand things from their point of view. When there are Indian schools here they naturally want to keep their children here too."

I'd say it all depends on the child and the home. I've seen children who have been brought back home to Kuwait because they couldn't adjust to life in boarding school in India and I've seen girls from Kuwait who have adjusted beautifully to life in India. It all depends on one's adaptability and the way one is taught to look at life.



Nearly 200,000 people watched the installation of Polish ex-Cardinal Karol Wojtyla as the new Pope, from St. Peter's Square



Pope John Paul II is the first non-Italian to be elected to the papacy in 455 years. Wearing ceremonial robes and speaking in well modulated Italian, the Pope assured the people that though he was not a Roman by birth, though he was a son of Poland, from the moment of his installation he too had become a Roman.

Pope John Paul II also addressed Catholics and others all over the world, affirming his dedication to the Spiritual Order and not to "any political order". He also hinted that he might follow the liberal policies outlined by his immediate predecessor, Pope John Paul I. Later, the Pope had an informal meeting with press reporters.

* * *

If **Viktor Kochnoi,** challenger for The World Chess Championship title, seemed to behave like a spoilt child after his defeat at the hands of Champion Anatoly Karpov, he claimed he had a valid reason for doing so. Kochnoi, who lost after some poor moves made in the 32nd game in a marathon 92-day series, not only refused to accept his defeat but said he would not sign the score-sheet at the end of the game. This would record his protest against the outcome of the game, he said. Kochnoi alleged Russian pressure on him before the crucial 32nd match, for he was almost on the verge of staging a brilliant comeback. Kochnoi has now vowed to fight for a change in the rules of the Championship. Though Koshnoi lost the Championship battle, even as a loser he earned 250,000 dollars which he has not turned down despite his chagrin.

* * *

President Idi Amin of Uganda recently escaped one more attempt on his life, the 11th since he came to power.

The President was on his way to Makore University to attend a function there when gunmen armed with automatic rifles and hand-grenades attacked his official car. Two grenades landed in the car, and would have helped the gunmen in achieving their aim, except for one vital fact. President Amin, who obviously has no illusions about his popularity, was travelling to the University in an unmarked car by another route than the one taken by his official entourage.

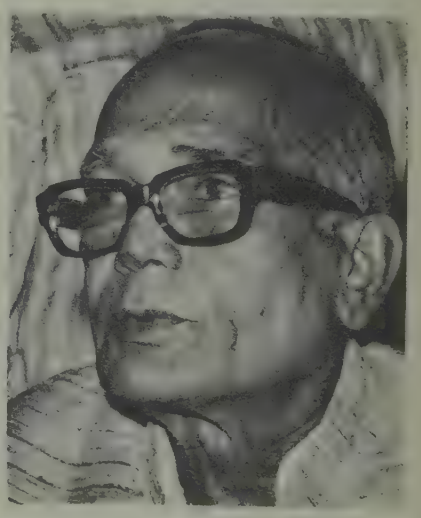
* * *

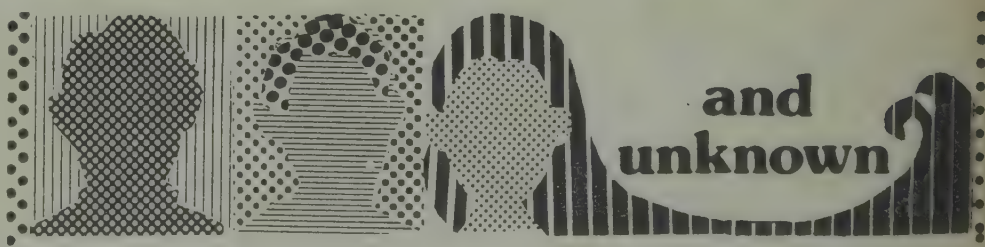
Trouble and **Elizabeth Taylor** are old friends. And health problems have stayed with her longer than any of her many husbands did. Recently she had another hospital stint when a chicken bone stuck in her throat. However, some Indian doctors in a hospital in Richmond saved Liz from choking to death on the bone. The accident must have disturbed the election programme of her husband Mr. John Warner, Republican nominee for U.S. Senatorship, whose campaign trail Liz was following. However, it is possible that her temporary discomfort will be to the couple's advantage — the resultant publicity might capture voters.

* * *

The Prime Minister has apparently persuaded **Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan** to try out urine therapy to mend his failing kidney and health. During an 85-minute-long chat Mr. Morarji Desai inquired about J.P's health and advised him to try out his idea. Mr. Narayan is not planning to start the new treatment just yet...but "only if everything else fails."

His sickness, however, could not prevent JP from sending an election message to the voters of Chikmagalur to vote for "the restorers of democracy". Whether the Janata really fits this image or not, the behaviour of the police in Ujire has proved where their loyalties lie. The death of Gayatri and the assault on the late Snehalata Reddy's daughter are reminiscent of the days of Emergency police-brutality, which many thought is a thing of the past.



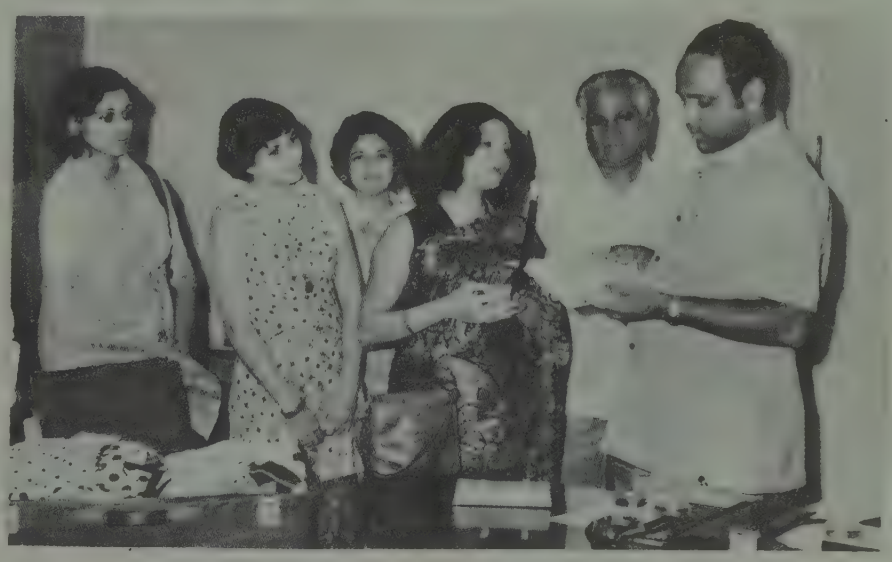


Adrain L'Armond recently stunned audience and critics alike with a masterly recital on the violin (Carnatic), when he gave a performance along with his guru, B.K. Vishwanath Sarma, for the Gana Kala Vid ya Nilayam in Goregaon, Bombay. He equalled his master in the deft handling of the violin and "chiselled portrayal" of the ragas in some of the pieces they played together. Who says East and West can never meet?

Compiled by Sathya Saran

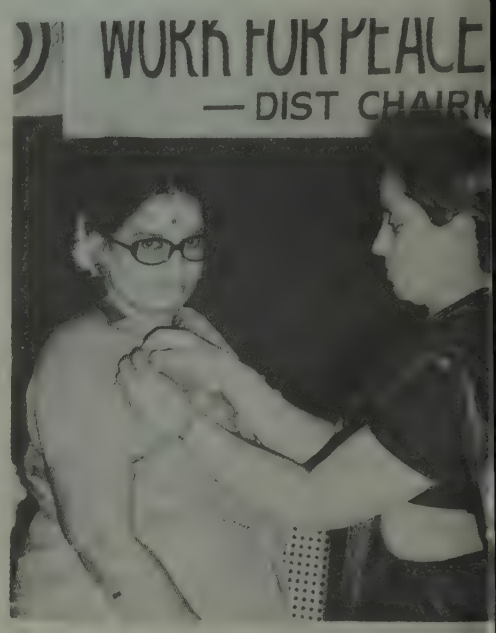
people and events

ABOVE : Shahnaz Husain (third from left) inaugurating the Woman's World — skin care clinic — at a function held in Bombay. Others in the picture are (from left) Mrs. Noorsultan Porbanderwalla of Woman's World, Bombay, film star Reena Roy and Miss Niloufer Husain.



RIGHT : A delegation of Youth Hostels Association of India (Maharashtra Branch) called on Mr. Sharad Pawar, Chief Minister of Maharashtra and presented a suitcase full of new clothes for flood-affected families. Mrs. Perviz Dotivala, President of the Assn. (4th from left) speaks to Mr. Pawar.

ABOVE : At a function held in Bombay by the Association of Medical Women in India, Bombay Branch, Dr. P. Tople was felicitated on her appointment as Maharashtra's Minister of Health. Picture shows (from left) Dr. P. Tople, Dr. P. Mehta and Dr. A. Billimoria.

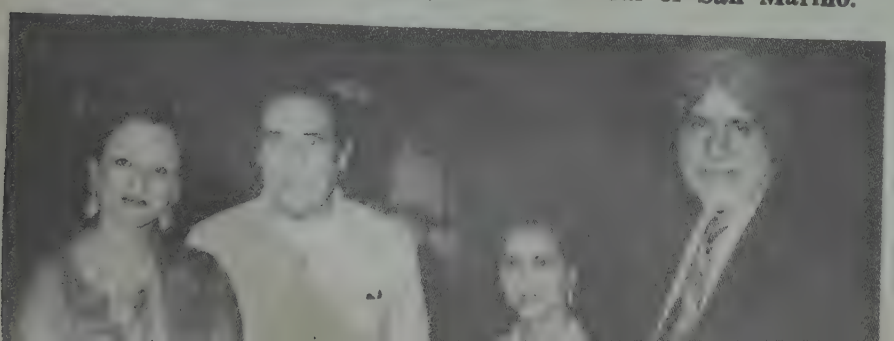


ABOVE : At a function held in Salem, Rotaryanne J. Parvathi Raman was installed President of the Innerwheel Club of Salem North, by Dr. Lakshmi, who was chief guest on the occasion.

LEFT : The Indian Council of Management & Future recently organised a workshop on "Future of the Performing Arts" in New Delhi. Picture taken on the occasion shows (from left) Uma Vasudev, Swapana Sundari, Padma Seth, Shanno Khurana, Dr. S. C. Seth and Mr. C. Das Gupta.

BELOW : Mrs. Romola Thomas (centre) who had an exhibition-cum-sale of children's dresses at the Hotel Chola, Madras, shows them to a visitor.

The National Day of San Marino was recently celebrated in Delhi. Seen on the occasion are (from left) Mrs. Maheep Manjit Singh, Mr. Carlo Calenda, the Italian Ambassador, Mrs. Nimmi Parvinder singh and Bhai Mohan Singh, Consul General of San Marino.



bombay

Shahnaz Husain, the well-known beautician-dermatologist of Delhi, inaugurated the Woman's World — skin care clinic — at Bandra recently. This well-appointed and fully equipped clinic is to be run by Mrs. Noorsultan Porbanderwalla, a qualified beautician, under franchise rights of Woman's World, New Delhi.

The function was well attended.

* * *

The Centaur Hotel and the Government of India Tourist Office, Bombay, organised a Food & Folk Festival of Gujrat, the first of its kind, at the Hotel. Gujarati vegetarian cuisine from Surat and meat specialities of Junagadh and Palanpur were served on the occasion.

The Tourism Corporation of Gujarat presented folk dances and the Gujarat Handicrafts and Handloom Corporation organised the Folk Art Museum and the Gurjari Bazaar, where on sale was a wide range of handicrafts. Artisans had come specially from Gujarat to demonstrate their skill in various handicrafts.

* * *

Prof. Baburao Sadwelkar, Director of Art, Maharashtra State, inaugurated the 9th Bombay Suburban Exhibition of Paintings by Eves sponsored by the Bombay Arts & Sports at the National Library Hall, Bandra. Lion Arvind Shah was chief guest.

About 75 paintings were on display. The reviewing of paintings and a film show on art was arranged to help housewives develop style and technique in their paintings.

The judging committee, headed by Prof. L.B. Chavan, Head of the Art & Design Department, Sophia Polytechnic, awarded prizes to the winners: First prize — Miss Usha Sula; second prize — Miss Medha Hegde; third prize — Miss Jayashree Mainthia; and four consolation prizes were given.

The Bombay Arts & Sports also concluded several annual contests namely Be A Leader, Crack A Joke, Handwriting, Sharpen Your Memory and General Knowledge Quiz for the suburban schools for which prizes were awarded.

Earlier Mrs. Sulochana S. Bhat, President, Bombay Arts & Sports, welcomed the gathering.

* * *

Khorshed Colombowalla held an exhibition of her paintings at the Taj Art Gallery. In all 21 paintings were on display on the theme "Life". The outstanding ones were "Poverty", "She Charms", "The Eternal Need", and "Man's Best Friend" because of their bold line, colour and form.

delhi

An unusual range of sarees called "Photo-Finish" was presented at an imaginatively and artistically executed fashion show held at the Oberoi Intercontinental. It was an audio-visual presentation of Vichitra sarees. These are printed by a novel technique which involves the use of photography to capture the "realness" of natural forms.

* * *

The All-India Women's Conference and the Lions Club of Delhi South, after consultations with the Deputy Commissioner and the State Red Cross authorities, have selected village Kushak No. 2 in Alipur Block for rehabilitation work. Its inmates belong to the scheduled class and are landless labourers. Their houses were washed away in the recent floods.

The people are being provided with dry rations on a priority basis. However, the long-term plan is to continue rehabilitation work and assist them in the construction of houses, supply of medicine and other essential articles.

calcutta

"Which", an independent consumer journal organized a seminar on "Drug Adulteration in India". It was sponsored by the Enforcement Branch of the Calcutta Police and the Central Drug Control Laboratory of West Bengal.

A three-day exhibition on drug adulteration was held on the occasion.

* * *

An exhibition "Dry Flowers For Your Home" by Shefali Choudhuri was held at the Academy of Fine Arts. It demonstrated her ingenuity in keeping the home beautiful when there is a dearth of fresh flowers or when they are too expensive, or the housewife is too busy to spend hours on the arrangements every day.

Shefali's unusual compositions with driftwood, twigs, pods and berries had been augmented with bright colours and executed with imagination and skill.

* * *

St. Mary's School, Ranchi, staged a Parents' Night in H.S.L. Community Hall. Reverend Mother Margaret Mary, Mother Superior of Loreto Convent, inaugurated the function and presided over it. Mrs. P. Dewan, principal and founder of the school, read out the report.

On the occasion various items were presented by the children. Father Victor Rosner, vice-principal of St. Xavier's School, proposed a vote of thanks.

madras

Mrs. Romola Thomas, an enterprising young housewife, held an exhibition-cum-sale of dresses for tiny tots at the Hotel Chola. Designed and tailored by her, the dresses were in attractive patterns.

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ CONTEST—10

1. The Pope.

2. Venezuela.

3. Foil.

4. Jomo Kenyatta, later President of Kenya, until his death recently.

5. They are religious pictures.

6. The Frontier Mail between Bombay Central and Amritsar.

7. Sher Shah Suri.

8. Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

9. Don Quixote.

10. China and Japan.

11. Benzene.

12. Brisbane, capital of Queensland, Australia.

R. N. Datt of Karnal (Haryana), who sent in the first all-correct solution, wins the first prize of Rs. 50.00.

world of eve

NEELIMA AZEEM

Delhi art lovers are familiar with this 20-year-old coffee-complexioned Kathak dancer, Neelima Azeem. Her dance career began when she was 13. A student of Guru Birju Maharaj Neelima gave up her studies to enter the field of classical dance. She has the grace the talent and the understanding of her subject. Her performances have become a "religious ritual" with her.

As Hirawati, Mitram's wife in the ballet "Malvika Agnimitram", the second in her early career, — Neelima established herself in the capital. She also played the role of Surpanakha, Ravana's sister, in "Katha Raghunath ki".

In 1975, the Gyanpeeth Award was given to the Oriya novel "Mati Matai". Neelima was gifted a beautiful ivory Buddha for her lead role in this story. In 1976, Begum Abida Ahmed announced an award for her lead role in "Nadir Shah". Apart from her solo shows, Neelima has also participated in group performances in "Shan-E-Awadh" and "Roopmati Bazbahadur". This brilliant dancer and stage actress caught Delhi by storm a while back when she performed in "Swapna Vasu Dutta", in the role of the young queen, Padmavati.

Neelima is teaching at the Mater Dei Convent.

KAMALA KAILASANATHAN

Music has been Kamala Kailasanathan's first love since childhood, and throughout her teen years she has been giving performances. She learnt Carnatic music from different gurus but had spent more years with the renowned musician Kedar Nath. Kamala's father was an exponent of Veena and her mother played the violin.

Kamala was the first woman artiste in Kerala to sing on the AIR. She was recently nominated as member of the Sangeet Natak Academy. She has given recitals throughout the country and now wants to give concerts abroad.

Kamala is a busy artiste working with the AIR, Trivandrum.

this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

So many fascinating new trails, fresh ideas to follow that you could get confused, be running hither and thither —so missing some excellent opportunities. Be sure that you don't scatter your energy and waste your talents. Changes will affect all areas of your activities. There will be plenty of fun, many romantic opportunities. If married, a sense of togetherness with your partner will enable you to make ambitious family plans for the future. You will be happily in tune with youngsters in the family, will be pleased with their progress and initiative and be making exciting plans for them. Trust in your luck and intuition and you won't go far wrong this year. However, be wary in mid-1979, don't force changes then or take on extra work unless you have to. Make it your policy to be agreeable to people who could make or mar your progress.

For the week Nov. 19 — 25, 1978

John Naylor

ARIES (Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

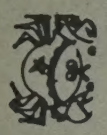
Aim high in both personal and more practical matters; you can boost your prospects this week. Life is busy and should bring some interesting news which alters plans to your advantage. If you've done some heart-searching recently, you will have got the answers you want. A clear picture shows happiness ahead.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)

Happier stars for you — but life won't be without its minor ups and downs until the new year. If friction still exists with a friend or relative you are very fond of, then take the initiative this week to put things right. Better indications, healthwise — but care is needed with money.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

You could be running around in circles and, unless you try to organise, to concentrate on the essentials, you will stay in a muddle for some time ahead. Friends and relatives won't be much help — rather, they will be over-demanding. Don't neglect health and your appearance through lack of time — and keep your man happy.



CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

You are in danger of getting yourself involved in other folk's problems, of making light-hearted promises that you will find it difficult to fulfil in the weeks ahead. Busy times are on the way in December; get yourself prepared for this period now. However, this week will be loving and lucky for you.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)

The stars are affecting your personal links in a helpful way, also the fun scene, hobbies, sporting interests. You could just relax and enjoy all the carefree aspects of life this week — soon good fortune will spring some pleasant surprises and you may then find yourself in a happy flurry of activity!

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Life will be proceeding in that orderly fashion that you like but you may feel that your scene lacks sparkle. Not to worry — ardent stars will be affecting you in a few weeks' time, will bring a happy romance which could develop into a serious attachment. Meanwhile, take the initiative and arrange outings yourself.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

A super week with plenty of flattery and flirtation, also chances to succeed in more worldly matters. A stroke of good luck could come right out of the blue and, should you have an adventurous plan in mind, this is the time to launch it. Cash trends remain high for quite some time ahead.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

You are in a fortunate phase of life when happiness could come from several directions. Push your luck between now and March 1979. Extra money, so you can treat yourself to some pretty clothes, a little bit of luxury to flatter your looks. Plenty of chances for romance to blossom or an existing link to deepen.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

The accent is on you, your personal aims, hopes and wishes, with several stars in your sign at present. Anything can happen for you if you make the most of your chances. Added energy and enthusiasm will make life fun; travel will widen your outlook; romance is in the air and will bring excitement to activities.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Jog along at an easy pace, but gradually catch up with the routine work; be sure to keep things in order from now on. There won't be much time to spare soon; you are about to enter a strenuous, but rather lucky period. Good news or an unexpected gift will enliven the atmosphere; there will be some happy meetings.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Be charming and tactful — not so outspoken. Otherwise, you will make difficulties for yourself. However, it is not a time to take anyone for granted — or to ask favours. Show yourself in as pretty a light as possible; don't tarnish your image. There will be happy hours in leisure time, however.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Remember that it is the new and novel, the unfamiliar which is fortunate for you at present. Follow up trails, leads, introductions; explore fresh possibilities. An unusual proposition will be worth consideration — but be wary if a third person is involved. A romance will begin soon in new surroundings.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 25, 1978

S.T.D. OR V.D. — IT'S STILL THE SILENT KILLER

The Union Health Minister told the Parliament in 1972 that 20 million Indians were suffering from V.D. Bombay is one of the 10 most V.D. ridden cities in the world. These figures, like the tip of the ice-berg, are a fraction of the actual total. V.D. is a major health problem, and one that receives scant serious attention. An eye-opener.

RACISM IN INDIA

Indians may be among the most racially prejudiced people. African students in India face terrible colour prejudice and often lead lonelier lives than they would in Western countries. A survey.

*** A special offer — make your child a lovely pleated skirt from a full-size paper pattern.**

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Nivea makes your skin come aglow. Nivea with *Eucerite* tones your skin, moisturises it. The gentlest of creams, Nivea is a face cream, hand cream, cleanser—in fact, a complete skin food.
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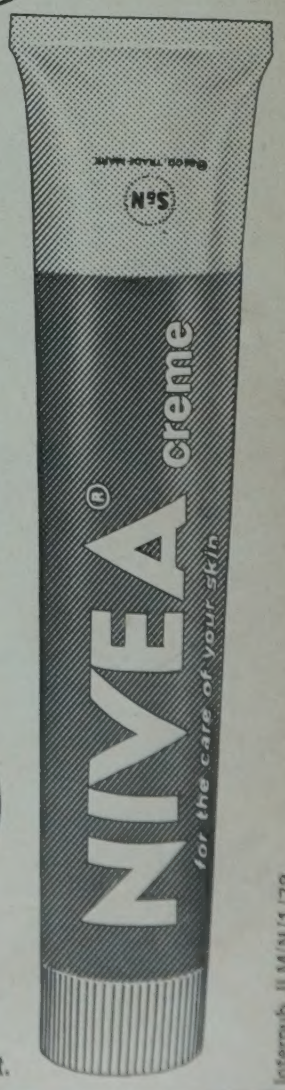

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